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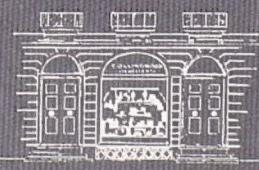
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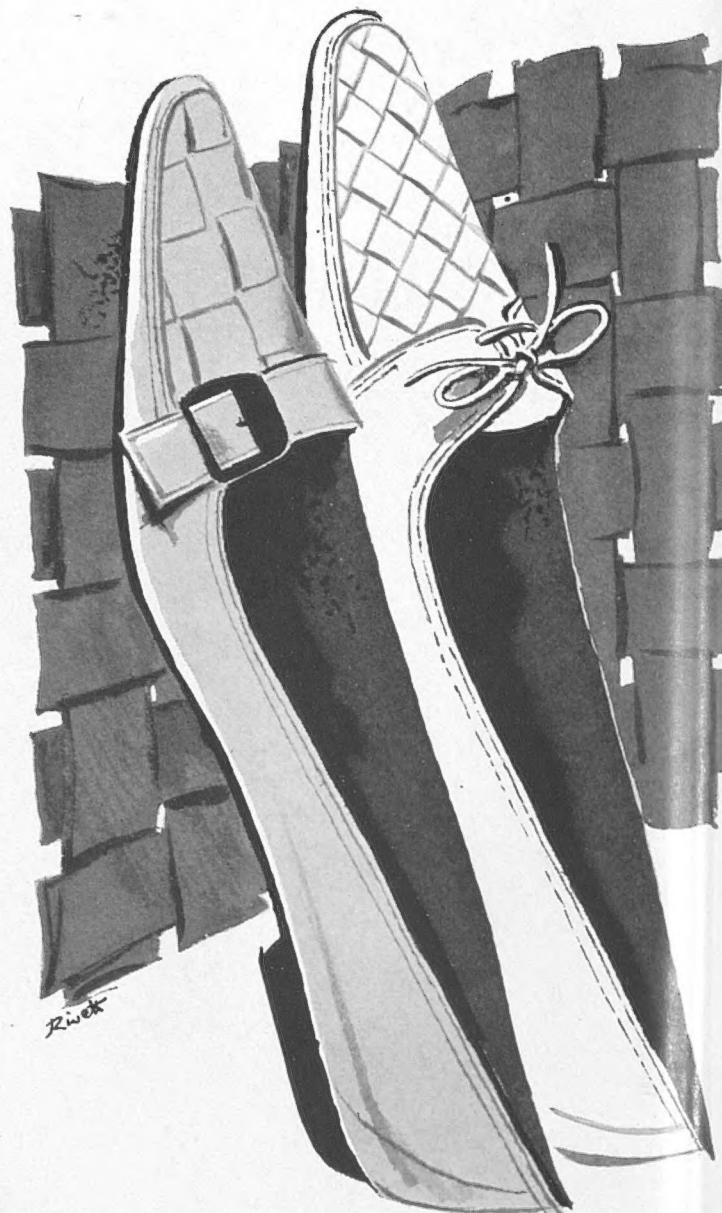
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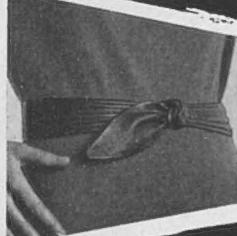
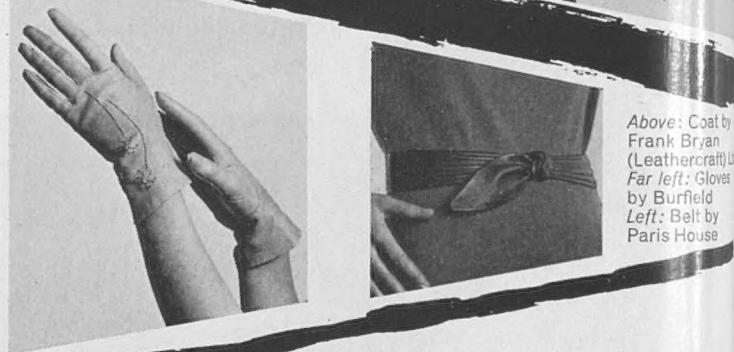


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Far left: Gloves by Burfield
Left: Belt by Paris House

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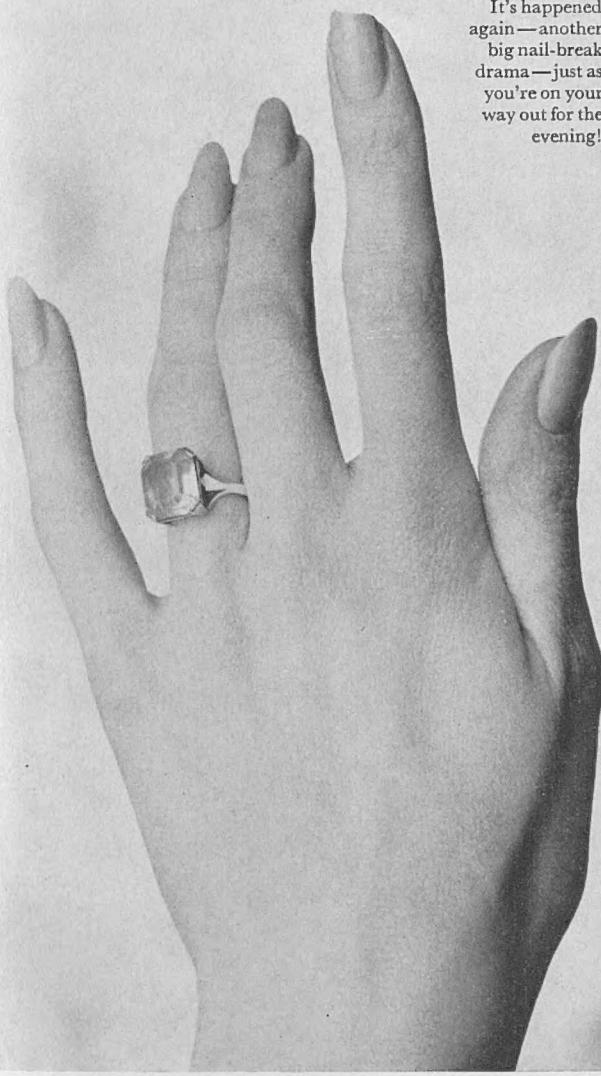
Left: Shoes by Joy's

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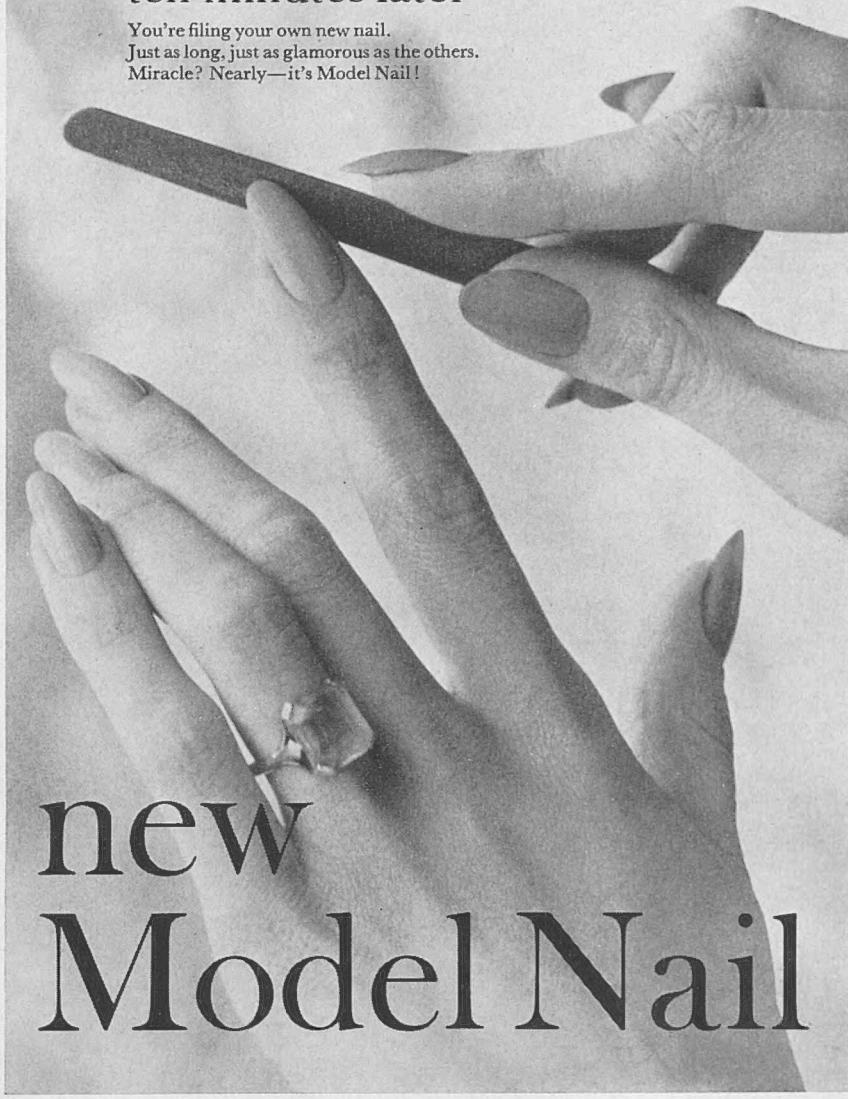
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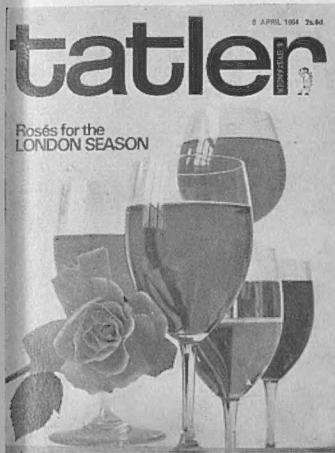
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Oxford Street, W.1 LANgham 3000

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AND BYSTANDER / VOLUME 252 / NUMBER 3267

EDITOR
JOHN OLIVER



To partner the highspots of the London season, a scale of wines as light as summer and fragrant as the roses in their names.

Far left: dawn pink and medium dry, Coeur de Capbern rosé de Bordeaux, shipped by Sichel & Company, 8s. 9d. from Victoria Wine.

Centre: the glowing Heidsieck Dry Monopole, only non-vintage grande marque Champagne Rosé, 30s. from Morgan Furze and Fosters.

Behind: the first rosé from the Rhine, Rosé Rosenhag Superior 1962, of Hermann Keneermann, 11s. from Block, Grey & Block or Justerini & Brooks.

Right front: smoked salmon-pink Mateus Rosé from Portugal, shipped by Rawlings & Sons, 14s. from Harrods.

Right back: sunset glow of Clementine Rosé de Provence, shipped by Asher Storey, 9s. 6d. from John Martin.

Baccarat glasses from Burlington Glass, 64-65 Burlington Arcade, Piccadilly, W.1.

Cover picture by John Hedgecoe.

Pamela Vandyke Price writes about rosés on page 89

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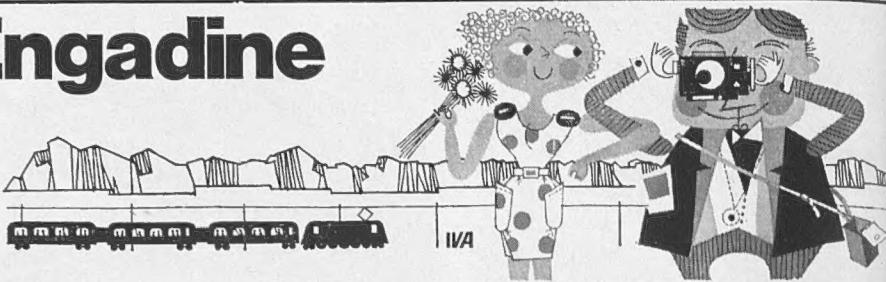
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A gold cigarette case by Carl Fabergé, the cover decorated with an embossed pattern and the thumb-piece set with a cabochon sapphire. Bearing the initials of the workmaster: Gabriel Niukkanen. Length: 3½ inches



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GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

Spring Ball, Savoy, 9 April, in aid of refugees. (Details, BEL 4705.)

Spring Guinea Party, 20 Bourdon St., W.1., 10 April, in aid of the Holidays for Cripples Fund. (Details, MAY 9921.)

Golden Eagle Ball, Grosvenor House, 22 April, in aid of the Sunshine Homes for Blind Babies. (Details, Mrs. Madge Clarke, 59 Stanhope Gdns., S.W.7.)

Country Sports Fair, Oakley Manor, near Basingstoke, 24 and 25 April. (Details, Mr. John Wright, 2 Montague Place, Basingstoke, Hants.)

Bambino Ball, Assembly Rooms, Edinburgh, in aid of the Save the Children Fund, 24 April. (Double tickets, £5 5s., Lady Bruce, Broomehall, Fife.)

Fashion Presentation of Wetherall sports clothes, Wetherall House, 198 Regent St., 7 p.m., 27 April, in aid of the Royal College of Nursing and National Council of Nurses. Champagne reception, 6.30 p.m. (Tickets, £2 2s. inclusive, from R.C.N., 1a Henrietta Place, Cavendish Sq., W.1.)

Dinner Ball, the Dorchester, 28 April, in aid of research into the prevention of blindness. (Tickets, £3 3s., WAT 7743.)

Ball at Netley Hall, Much Wenlock, 1 May, in aid of the N.S.P.C.C. (Tickets, £2 2s. from

Mrs. C. S. Motley, Much Wenlock 346.)

Red Hat Ball, Grosvenor House, 12 May. (Tickets, £3 10s., inc. dinner with wine, £1 10s. not inc. dinner, from Mrs. Robin Donald, FLA 4173.)

Fashion House Group Collection, Celanese House, Hanover Square, 4 May, in aid of the Greater London Fund for the Blind. (Tickets, £3 3s. from Mrs. Vera Biggs, 2 Wyndham Place, W.1.)

Point-to-Points: Surrey Union, Tisman's, Rudgwick, nr. Horsham, 18 April. **Household Brigade Saddle Club**, Tweseldown, nr. Aldershot, 22 April.

RACE MEETINGS

Flat: Newbury, today; Lingfield Park, 10, 11; Catterick Bridge, 11; Alexandra Park, Nottingham, 13; Newmarket, 14-16; Catterick Bridge, 15 April. **Steeplechasing**: Newbury, 8; Cheltenham, 9-11; Uttoxeter, Rothbury, 11; Folkestone, Worcester, 15 April.

MUSICAL

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. *The Dream, Images of Love, Hamlet*, 9 April; *The Rake's Progress, La Bayadère, The Rite of Spring*, 15, 18 April, 7.30 p.m.; *La Fille Mal Gardée*, 18 April, 2.15 p.m. (cov 1066.)

Covent Garden Opera. *Otello*,

11, 14, 17 April, 7.30 p.m.; *Aida*, 13, 16 April, 7 p.m.

Sadler's Wells Opera. *La Traviata*, 8, 14 April; *The Seraglio*, 9, 15 April; *Flying Dutchman*, 10 April; *La Belle Hélène*, 11 April; *Volpone*, 16 April. (TER 1672/3.)

Camden Celebrity Concert, Camden School for Girls. Annie Fischer (piano) 7.30 p.m., 21 April. (WEL 8418.)

ART

Allan Ramsay (1713-1784), Royal Academy, to 26 April.

R.W.S. Spring Exhibition,



Visitor to London from Italy, Mrs. Edna S. Lewis, director of the Positano Art Workshop, was here to make final arrangements to set up a small workshop with seven modern painters at Spoleto on the invitation of Gian Carlo Menotti for his Festival of Two Worlds from 17 June to 17 July. Painting on the wall is by New Zealand artist Peter Thomson

BRIGGS by Graham



R.W.S. Galleries, Conduit to 29 April.

Shakespeare in Art, Council Gallery, St. James Square, 9 April-9 May.

Trevor Bates, sculptor, Grabowski Gallery, Sloane Avenue, to 18 April.

The New Generation, Whitechapel Gallery, to 3 May.

FESTIVALS

Shakespeare Season, Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, 15 April to 11 May.

Bromsgrove Festival, 11 April to 2 May.

Pitlochry Drama Festival, Perthshire, 18 April-3 October.

Leeds Triennial Music Festival, 18-25 April.

FIRST NIGHTS

Savoy. *The Schoolmistress*, night.

Palladium. Lena Horne, April.

Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon. *Richard III*, 15 April.

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GOING PLACES

THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE

Few books in the Bible—or in literature—are more romantic than the Song of Solomon, and Israel is at least part of the land of which it was written. You should see it and enjoy it in the spring—or, failing that, any time from October to December.

In either season, it is warm enough to swim and lie in the sun, and not too hot to tour by car, for its landscape is its greatest glory. Racially, physically and politically Israel is a country of such diversity that these factors alone could make it interesting to see, regardless of its beauty. From almost any vantage point, in fact, you are looking into another land. The snows of Mount Hermon, on the Lebanon/Syrian border, feed the early waters of the River Jordan: the Jordanean hills of Gilead face the eastern banks of the river, while, at night, the lights from a Syrian army camp glitter across the placid waters of Israel's Sea of Galilee.

To me the most unexpected pleasure of all and, in my view, worth the whole trip, is the desert. It is one hour's

flight to Eilat, or seven hours' journey down from Tel Aviv by car; you can break the journey mid-way at the Desert Inn in Beersheba. The landscape of the northern and central desert looks, from the air at any rate, to be one of cocoa-coloured escarpments and deep defiles, some of which look like huge, dry river beds. Farther south the hills get more pointed and more dramatic (nowhere, in the Negeb, do you see the flat, rolling sands of the Sahara type of landscape), until, approaching the Red Sea, the rose-coloured hills of Edom lie to the east. Edom, incidentally, is the Hebrew word for red, and it is their soft sandstone which gives the sea its name and the setting its beauty.

The sky of the south is unbroken china blue, the air crystal, the wind warm and dry. Four countries—Saudi Arabia, Jordan, Israel and Egypt—all share this cockpit of a bay on the Red Sea, along a beach frontage of about 15 miles. The two towns—Jordanian Acquabar and Israeli Eilat—are mutually forbidden, yet almost within hailing distance.



ABROAD

The attractions of Eilat seem on first sight to be below zero; the whole town has been built since 1956, and the hotel buildings resemble old fashioned radiators: the beach is gravelly and unattractive. So let me tell you why *not* to take the next flight back. The water is clear to the depths (it is as famous for its coral gardens and its skin diving as anywhere), and the swimming is magnificent even in mid-winter. But the point, the whole point, is the desert. Headed by a lively local tourist office, an enterprising group of young men have recently started day-long tours into the desert by jeep, which is the only means of seeing some of this most dramatic and extraordinary of country. The rough tracks—sometimes not even tracks—are punctuated with spiky acacia and tamarisk trees, and the rocks are striped, like those of nearby Petra, in wonderful cocoa pinks, ivory and jade.

You drive up into the mountains close to the Egyptian border, along a road which hairpins from one panorama to another, and back via the Red Canyon: picknicking, hiking and climbing on the way. Food, drink, windcheaters and rugs are all supplied. Another more conventional tour, this time by coach, takes you to King Solomon's mines. The sunset, which on film one would attribute sceptically to Technicolor and Sam Goldwyn, is something that not even the locals are too blasé to watch each evening. Unexpectedly, Eilat has one of the best restaurants in Israel; the Blue Fish (try their *soup de poisson* laced with Pernod), and a night club decorated with the skulls of man-eating sharks called The End of the World.

Away from the heady siren lure and back in the sarity of the north, one of the most beautiful and interesting drives is from Tel-Aviv to the Sea of Galilee, via the Jezreel Valley. Megiddo (Armageddon) was the crucial town on this the most important trading route between Egypt and the



The old Turkish fort at Caesarea



Minarets and modern tourists in the Market Place at Acre

east, hence the reference to it in Revelations as a place of final battle. (I should add that a Bible is quite as important in touring Israel as a road map.) The road continues through the hills of Samaria to the Jordan valley. In spring, the country is a mass of olive and eucalyptus trees, with fields full of clover, giant yellow daisies and wild cyclamen. The great revelation is the first sight of the harp-shaped Sea of Galilee, with the eternal snows of Mount Hermon glittering distantly in the north.

Tiberias, an old Roman watering place, is superbly sited on the shores of the Sea: nearby at Capernaum is the Convent and Church of the Mount of Beatitudes, and the site of the miracle of the loaves and fishes. Here, too, in the village of Magda, was the birthplace of Mary Magdalene.

You can easily see Tiberias in a day, but its setting might persuade you to stay longer: the Galeria Kinneret is a most comfortable hotel. Its English atmosphere will put some people off, and attract others. While I personally dislike being immured by bell to dine at 7.30, the place is so popular that a table reservation or a bed is almost a favour. Alexander's art gallery is about to open a night club with hi-fi classical music, plus a small restaurant. In the meantime, the only evening diversion to be found is the string of cafés

which lay along the waterfront.

I sat for a time outside one of them and watched the fishermen come home from laying their nets: the stars hung low in the heavens, and the villages across the water were lit with clusters of lights. When—as maybe—the place becomes a resort, something will go, as it always does.

The towns of Nazareth and Caana (where the water was turned into wine) are equally accessible from Tiberias or Haifa: so, also, is the attractive hill town of Safad. This looks very like the Tuscan hill towns, and one is reminded again of the Italian landscape from which the Renaissance painters drew their inspiration. Safad is, in fact, an artists' town; little cottages line picturesque flights of stone steps and narrow streets. Almost all of them belong to painters, and are open to the public as informal galleries. The hills of Galilee in which Safad lies are the highest in Israel: scattered with grey stones and planted with groves of cypress and olive, rooted in scarlet soil. This is country to linger over and enjoy.

From Haifa, a long and golden beach runs for about 28 kilometres down to Caesarea, which was first a Roman and in later years a Crusader port.

People go all the way there, not only to swim and see the old fortress, but also to eat at the beach restaurant, whose

guest book is stuffed with the signatures of gratefully well-fed Ambassadors. Baron de Rothschild has built an unlikely looking hotel nearby, plus an 18-hole golf course, strictly for international bankers' income groups and inclinations, but there are development plans for the whole of this coast.

North of Haifa is Acre, which dates back to Phoenician times. The city is full of colonnaded squares and its tortuous streets house interesting markets.

The ancient walls, several feet thick, still stand, and the night club with an open restaurant high on the ramparts, has the view of all views over the bay of Haifa. Haifa itself, by the way, has some charming cafés and two excellent restaurants; the Balfour Cellar and Pross's.

Jerusalem is highest of all in most people's lists of wants. The golden stone of which all of its buildings are made unites both the centuries and the political boundaries; but most of the Old City is in Jordan, and you must climb on to the roof of the Hospice de Notre-Dame, on the Israeli side, in order to get an impression of it.

The only old part remaining in Israel is Mount Zion, but it contains two of the most important sites; the tomb of David, and the Church of the Dormition (on the original site of the Virgin's Assumption).

The Israelis have been clever in preserving the Christian shrines in their territory from the appalling vulgarities which have overtaken them elsewhere, but this church is, in any event, a beauty. Built by (of all unlikely people) the Kaiser, in 1900, it is neo-Byzantine in style, and contains some magnificent mosaics. Among many other interesting things to see, do not miss Chagall's windows in the synagogue of the Hadassa Hospital, outside the city on the Hills of Judea. Representing the Twelve Tribes, they are a sheer glory of stained glass and people will surely make a pilgrimage, half a century hence, just to see them.

You can see Israel comfortably, and relax, within the period of 12 to 23 days for which the excursion fare of £99 applies (outside these limits it rises steeply to £142). Looking back on my recent visit, I should have liked to spend longer—at least three days—based on the Red Sea town of Eilat, and to have motored at least one way there. I would repeat the first night and day in Tel-Aviv, and the last one at the Airport hotel nearby. The rest of the time can be divided between Jerusalem, Haifa and Galilee, according to taste. None of them is more than three hours' drive from the other, and you can rent a Hertz car from £12 10s. a week, mileage included.



Safad, an artists' town where the painters' houses are open to the public as informal galleries

JOHN BAKER WHITE

GOING PLACES TO EAT

A TASTE OF PAPRIKA

Mignon Hungarian restaurant, 2 Queensway, on the corner of the Bayswater Road. Open luncheon and dinner to midnight. (BAY 0093.) Queensway has become one of London's most cosmopolitan streets, a logical place to find a Hungarian restaurant. In my experience, only about half-a-dozen establishments in London really understand the art of cooking with paprika, and this is one. There is, naturally, goulash on the menu, also schnitzel paprika with rice, and quite a wide range of Hungarian dishes. Allow about 4s. 6d. for the first course and from 8s. 6d. to 14s. 6d. for the main. There is a good wine list, and also properly kept Dortmund beer. The downstairs room is quite plainly furnished, but it takes on an atmosphere at night when the small band plays Hungarian gipsy music, perhaps the most nostalgic of all. A special word of praise for the fresh Continental breads and high quality butter, also the welcome, a reflection of the innate good manners of the Hungarian race. *W.B.* evenings.

Trattoria a Trastevere, 103 Walton Street, S.W.3. (KEN 1356.) Open 12-3 p.m. and 6 p.m. to midnight, Sundays 6.30 p.m. to midnight. There are several quite different schools of Italian cooking. One of the hardest to find in London is the Roman, but in this cheerful, friendly, small restaurant they make a speciality of it. If you have not been to Rome the wise thing to do is to seek the advice of Gerardo or Rosina, because some of the dishes are pretty filling. Their chef is first-class and a man of wide experience, so you can be certain of eating well at reasonable prices. The restaurant is fully licensed, and besides selected Italian wines they have Spanish-bottled sherry.

Angus Steak House, Hyde Park Square. (PAD 5167.) Open midday to midnight. The latest in a chain, with a decor completely of the 1960's. The split level ceiling and layout give one the impression of the dining saloon of a modern passenger ship. As in its allied establishments, the food is good and plain with emphasis on high quality meat—my

chump chop could not have been better—service efficient and pleasant, and the bill pleasantly small. *W.B.*

Blue riband for Sarre

Standing at the gateway to Thanet is the **Sarre Court Hotel and Club**. (ST. NICHOLAS-AT-WADE 202.) Mr. Cleven is Belgian and his wife British, with a penchant for French cuisine. In consequence the cooking is first-class and imaginative—witness the *escalope maison*. They also make a special feature of steaks, and if you want a rich wine sauce to go with it you can have it. There is quite a long wine list, but you have to be a club member to buy alcohol at the bar. It is wise to book your table, especially at week-ends. Open on Sundays, shut on Mondays, dancing on Fridays.

Wine note

Sweet wines of quality are apt to be on the dear side but Zibibbo "Esperia" is not. A fine Sicilian wine of splendid golden colour and notable perfume, it costs 9s. 6d. per bottle and is shipped by G. Parmigiani Figlio, of Old Compton Street, Soho. Recently we served it at a dinner party with an iced mousse, and it met with acclaim.

... and a reminder

Massey's Chop House, 65 South Audley Street. (HYD 8988.) Dignified decor, high quality meats and well chosen red wines to go with them.

La Fontana, 89 Pimlico Road, opposite Casa Pupo. (SLO 6630.) A good meal can be had for half-a-guinea, with courteous service and comfortable surroundings.

Tung Hsing restaurant, 22 North End Road, opposite Golders Green Station. (SPE 5990.) For those who like high quality Chinese cooking of the Peking, Szechuan and Yanchow schools.

Tun of Port, 31b Holland Street. (WES 9277.) Decor from Tom Jones. Food both English and French and good at that.

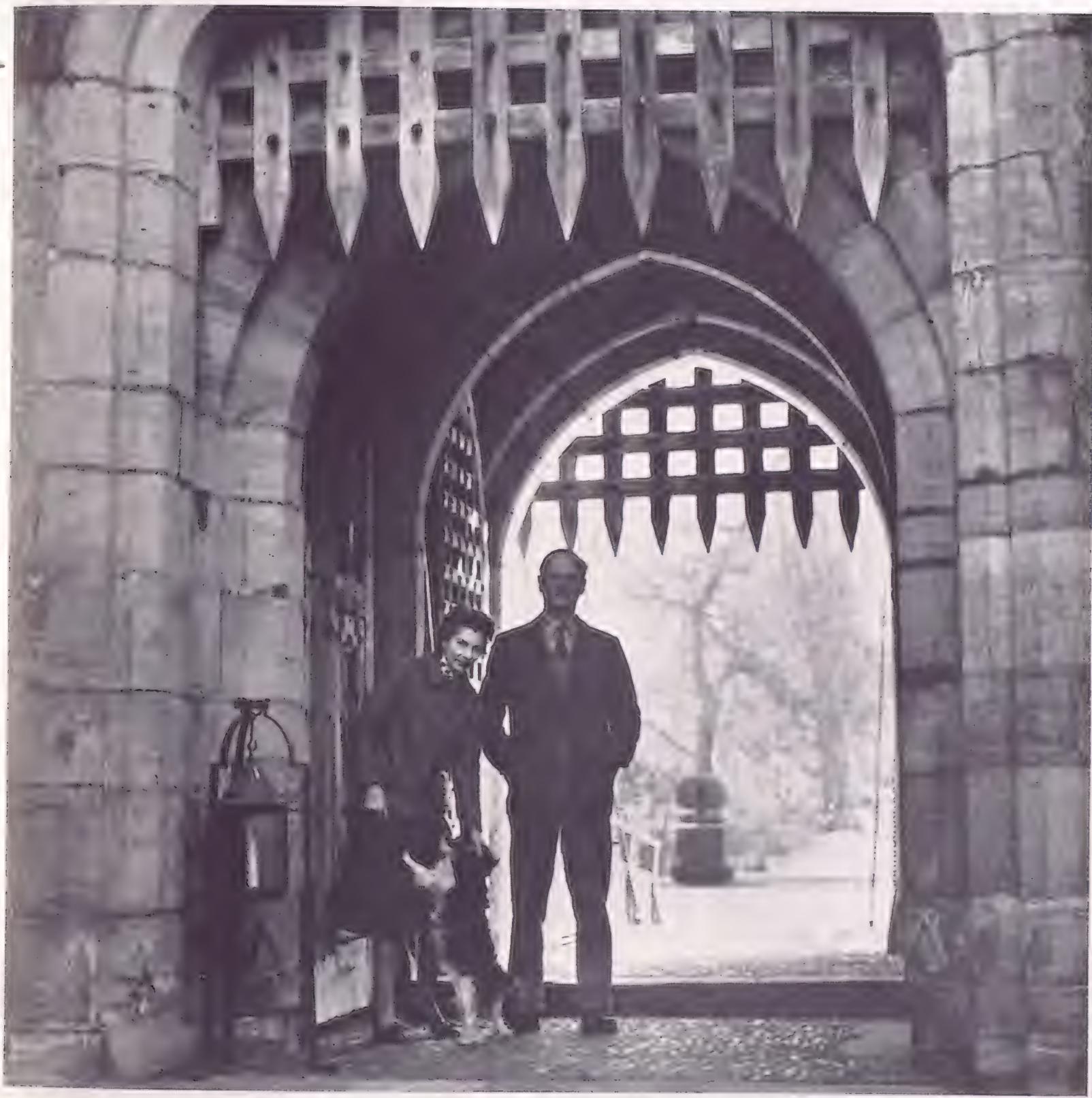
Colony, Berkeley Square. (MAY 1657.) Recently redecorated. Worth remembering for luncheon as well as dancing at night.

THE SHORTEST TIME BETWEEN TWO POINTS Aeronautically speaking, this is a straight line. It is the shortest route an aircraft can travel between London and Tel Aviv, passed from one air control authority to another along the carefully regulated motorways of the sky. The control points on this route are London, Paris, Mont Blanc, Capri, Athens, Rhodes, Tel Aviv. This is also the shortest time between two points: 2,377 miles in 275 minutes. EL AL's giant, long-range Boeing jets, flying between thirty and forty thousand feet at 600 mph, do seven such flights a week - the fastest and most frequent service to Israel. Three are non-stop, in four hours and thirty-five minutes; And EL AL Boeings are big birds in the world of flying. That bigness means comfort. To EL AL, comfort is not a bonus but a prerequisite. The Boeings have first and tourist class. The service makes the journey seem shorter still. See your EL AL appointed travel agent (who has tours from as little as 95 gns. for a fortnight's holiday in Israel - hotel and Boeing jet flight included.)

EL AL
ISRAEL AIRLINES

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ASTORS BACK AT HEVER

Reversing a habit of the aristocracy that has gone on for a good many years, the Hon. Gavin Astor, chairman of *The Times*, and his wife Lady Irene have moved from a modest manor house in Sussex to 13th-century Hever Castle in Kent. When his parents, Lord and Lady Astor of Hever, went to live in the South of France 18 months ago their son took over Hever and moved in this winter. They are photographed at the entrance beneath the strong wooden portcullises which in former days were part of the Castle's defences. Behind is a wooden drawbridge of stout English oak. Muriel Bowen writes about Hever Castle on page 73

A CONSERVATIVE BACKGROUND²

The Spring Ball of the Oxford University Conservative Association was held at Blenheim Palace, home of the Duke of Marlborough. Guests danced to three bands, watched the cabaret or viewed *Son et Lumière*, and wandered through the State Apartments of the vast Palace. The evening began with champagne in the Great Hall of Victory, continued with dancing in the Great Gallery

- 1 Miss Maureen Gazeley, who is at Lady Margaret Hall, dancing the Hitch-hiker in the Great Gallery at Blenheim
- 2 Mr. Ernest Marples, the Minister of Transport, dances a spirited Twist with his wife
- 3 Miss Anthea Swinburne and Mr. Christopher Grose in the Vaulted Corridor of the Palace. Mr. Grose, of Pembroke College, is reading History. He is in his third year at the University
- 4 Miss Caroline Harmer who works at the B.B.C. and is also studying law, and Mr. Martin Davis, a member of the Ball Committee
- 5 Miss Ann Fraser and Lieut Peter Stevens, R.N. He is stationed at Devonport
- 6 Miss Pat Harvey and Mr. Richard Rawlinson in the Library
- 7 Miss Pennant Iremonger, daughter of Mr. T. L. Iremonger, M.P., and Mr. James Ritchie





THE CASTLE THAT GREW A VILLAGE

BY MURIEL BOWEN

Mr. GAVIN & LADY IRENE ASTOR have moved into Hever Castle in such a clever way that they get the best of both worlds, though having had a grandfather with a lot of imagination has been a big help. When William Waldorf Astor (later Viscount Astor of Hever Castle) came from America to live in England he saw Hever and dreamt of owning it. Sooner than he expected it came on the market and in 1903 it was his.

But for all its crenellated grandeur the castle is quite small and Mr. William Waldorf Astor needed more space to entertain. To add to Hever would have been to destroy its line; instead he had a village of Tudor-style cottages built at the back with a covered bridge over the moat linking them to the castle.

Mr. Astor and Lady Irene have adapted the original design in order to use part of the village as their own home. It was all so well planned in the first instance that they can do this while enjoying the full facilities of the castle, putting up guests in it and using the main reception rooms for entertaining.

IDEAS AND EXECUTION

Though modern, the mellowed, buff-coloured "village" has a quaintness all

its own. From the castle roof it looks a collection of pretty gables, and with roofs and chimneys so diverse and hotch-potch that the whole thing might have grown up across several ages of English history. Mr. Astor and his wife are now near the end of their work in reducing the sweet and rambling little village to "manageable proportions." When it is finished it will contain about a dozen self-contained cottages and flats in addition to their own.

Lady Irene told me as we toured the old and the new that her husband had a very clear vision from the start of what he wanted and that he enjoyed working it all out with the architects. Certainly buildings fascinate him, and the rebuilding of *The Times*, now nearing completion by Blackfriars Bridge, is something in which he has taken a great interest.

But Lady Irene, as befits the daughter of the First World War commander Earl Haig, is no mean organizer. The decor of the family part of the village is in superb taste. When it comes to interior decoration Lady Irene, unlike most of us, has a way of getting her ideas carried out to near perfection.

HERE BE BEATLES

Tudor panelling can look so heavy and dull, but Lady Irene's use of colour in the drawing-room makes it look marvellous. The carpet is the colour of those pale green Californian apples, the curtains are in floral cretonne with a tiny pink flower surrounded by leaves of green slightly deeper than the carpet. Beautiful pictures, potted plants in lovely huge bowls, and rows of books with soft red leather jackets combine to envelop one with a feeling of warmth and charm.

The girls, BRIDGET (16), LOUISE (13) and SARAH (11), have chosen the colour schemes for their own rooms. They have inherited their mother's good taste. I liked the wallpapers and curtains in matching prints. Also that impossible-to-miss "Beatle Door" done all over with foot-high pictures of the Beatles—in colour!

Mr. Astor and his wife moved to Hever from their place in Sussex—now up for sale—because his parents LORD & LADY ASTOR OF HEVER went to live, 18 months ago, in the South of France. Only one of the five children, PHILIP, aged five, doubts whether the move to Hever was a good thing or not. Over

lunch he asked in a rather plaintive way: "Mummy, why did we have to come and live here?"

HENRY AND HEVER

Though it has many famous associations, Hever Castle is chiefly remembered as the childhood home of Anne Boleyn, second Queen of Henry VIII and key figure in the break with Rome. Many relics of her day remain at the castle. There is the Bible that belonged to Martin Luther, a headdress reputed to have been worked by Anne Boleyn herself, and the door lock which belonged to Henry VIII. Whenever the King journeyed to his friends' homes the lock was in his baggage and fitted to his bedroom door for the duration of his stay!

Like most people with great houses and anxious to maintain them in the style of their earlier owners, the Astors have opened Hever Castle to the public. Last year it was opened for the first time and attracted 59,000 visitors. As from last week it is open again throughout this summer on Wednesdays and Sundays in the afternoon. Being only about 25 miles from London it will be a boon to those of us who are constantly having to entertain visitors from abroad.

HOME FOR A HORSE

Horse with a question mark after his name is gallant little Team Spirit winner of the Grand National. His American owners have yet to decide whether to take him to Arizona to be the pride of a large ranch, or whether to retire him to Ireland, where good horses are so numerous he would probably live a life of comparative quiet and obscurity.

"Team Spirit would enjoy Ireland more because of the hunting; he loves hunting," Mrs. FULKE WALWYN, wife of the horse's trainer, tells me. It was the wife of the horse's previous trainer, Mrs. DAN MOORE, who first rode Team Spirit over big fences. She used to hunt him with the Ward Union Staghounds.

The first of a series of celebration parties took place at the Adelphi Hotel in Liverpool after the race. The table was decorated with chocolate horses, paper jockey caps, and miniature whips. The champagne would have filled a half-dozen stable buckets. As I write another party is being planned by the Walwyns at their local pub at Lam-



Baron Thomson of Fleet, of Northbridge in the City of Edinburgh, was recently introduced and took his seat in the House of Lords. Lord Thomson, Chairman of the Thomson Organisation Ltd., was sponsored by Lord Balfour of Inchrye and the Earl of Longford. He is seen with Sir Anthony Wagner, Garter King of Arms.



PHOTOGRAPHS: A. V. SWAEBE

bourn. But no party could equal the excitement of winning for American Mr. RON WOODWARD, one of the horse's three owners. Serving with the U.S. Forces at Aintree during the war, he dreamt of one day coming back and winning that race that the locals talked about so much, The Grand National.

FOR THE MUMS

It is usually the debs who stop the traffic, but this time it was the Mums. The occasion was a party for Debs' Mums given by Mrs. PENELOPE KITSON at her house at Campden Hill Place. They turned up in such force that their cars overspilled Campden Hill Place and got all mixed up with the commuters in Holland Park Avenue.

It was all very relaxed—and rather fun. Nobody took out a notebook, nobody looked harassed. Debs' Mums are changing.

"Like everything else it is a case of getting everything organized well in advance and then sitting back and enjoying yourself," said Mrs. ANTHONY GREENLY, whose daughter, SARAH, comes out this year. LADY WALKER-SMITH scarcely mentioned the deb season. She and her husband, SIR DEREK WALKER-SMITH, BT., M.P., were off to Estoril for the Parliamentary recess and that was

clearly something she found more exciting. "Neither of my daughters has been a reluctant deb, so they just get on with it," she told me. "Just as well, too, I'd hate to be the mother of a reluctant deb!" Her daughter, BERNICE, comes out this year. Her elder daughter, DEBORAH, came out a few years ago.

Mrs. Kitson, who is a talented interior decorator and whose daughter, JESSICA, comes out this year, was having a most successful party. "I'm so relieved that it has not been a shambles!" she said to me about the halfway mark. "I had no idea how they would all get on together. But now I am so glad I gave it. Mums really enjoy a party."

WELSH WITHOUT TEARS

Learning a language for fun has never been so fashionable as it is now. French, Spanish, Italian, German and even Greek classes; they're all full.

At the Indonesian Embassy the Minister, Mr. SURYO-DI-PURO is busy learning Welsh with the aid of a dictaphone. He thought it such a musical language when he heard it spoken at the Conservative Party Conference in Llandudno in 1962. Fortunately for Mr. Suryo-Di-Puro, he has a subtly attractive musical voice; it should enable him to speak Welsh well.

DRINKS FOR A DRESS SHOW

Mrs. Penelope Kitson, who is chairman of this year's Berkeley Dress Show, in aid of the N.S.P.C.C., gave a cocktail party to discuss plans. Among the guests were mothers of some of the debs who will be taking part

1 Mrs. Penelope Kitson with her daughter Jessica, who helped with the party and will also be modelling

2 The Hon. Mrs. Mildmay-White and Mrs. Edwin Morrison

3 Mrs. Frank Rountree and Mrs. Philip German-Ribon

4 Mrs. George Burgess, Lady Walker-Smith, whose daughter Bernice, comes out this year, and Mrs. R. H. Hardwick Moore

LOCAL HORSE MAKES GOOD

The Hertfordshire Hunt Point-to-Point meeting, one of the nearest to London, took place at Friars Wash, near Harpenden. One of the surprises of the afternoon was the defeat of Hard Frost, a leading English point-to-pointer, by Duke of Cinchon, a local horse

1 The Hon. Simon Eccles, stockbroker son of Viscount Eccles, with Mrs. Eccles, Mr. N. J. S. Wyatt, who later rode in the Maiden race, and Mr. & Mrs. Shand Kydd—he is the owner-rider of last year's champion point-to-pointer, No Reward

2 Mr. W. F. Hartop, joint-Master of the Hertfordshire Hunt

3 The judges watching a race; Major R. P. Clutterbuck, Sir Maurice Lyell, M.H., Mr. G. H. Hartop, and Major F. H. Shepherd, who was commentating

4 Mr. W. Shand Kydd on Miss Moppie clears the second fence in the Adjacent Hunts Race, followed by Mr. S. Hepe on Golden Moonbeam

5 Mrs. Michael Bates from the Essex Union, with her husband's horse Misty Devil, third in the Open Race

6 Miss Lyn Perkins and Miss Rosamund Hall, whose father was a joint-Master of the Aldenham Harriers, and behind them the Hertfordshire Hunt whipper-in, S. Garford

7 Miss R. Smith rode Mr. William in the Ladies' race; Miss Christine Musgrave is at the horse's head



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LETTER FROM SCOTLAND

"The most important thing I have learned is how little I know." This laughing admission with the seriously Socratic overtones was made to me the other day by Lady Elizabeth Ramsay, elder daughter of the Earl & Countess of Dalhousie. She was talking to me about her job in an antique shop in Dundee. Lady Elizabeth has just completed two months there and is now spending a month at home, Brechin Castle, before going to London for the coming-out season of her younger sister, Lady Sarah Ramsay.

"I've always been fairly interested in old things and I found I wanted to know more about them," Lady Elizabeth said. She's most interested in furniture but says she would be very hard put to it to favour any one period over another. "It's such a wide field," she added rather ruefully. "I don't

ever aspire to being a specialist."

Her other great interest is photography—particularly landscape work—and she is hoping to work in London with a professional photographer for at least a year. "I've always enjoyed photographing places and I want to be able to do it well, though I don't see myself as a career girl."

Lady Elizabeth will, I gather, find plenty of time to help her sister enjoy the season, including Lady Sarah's coming-out ball, which will be held at Brechin Castle towards the end of the year.

UNLUCKY CLANSMAN

Is there a mischievous small jinx on a certain shipyard in Aberdeen?—a jinx that delights in minor mishaps at launchings. Some weeks ago it was the *Clansman*, one of the three new car ferries for the Western Isles, which refused to take to the water on the appointed day. Now the last of the three car ferries, the *Columba*, has been receiving the jinx's unwelcome attentions.

The *Columba* was launched all right—Lady Craigton, wife of the Minister of State for Scotland, saw to that—but after its launching it drifted into its sister ship (yes, it was the unlucky *Clansman* once again) and bow struck bow with, fortunately, only slight damage resulting.

"There was rather a gale blowing at the time," Lady Craigton told me by way of explanation, and, apart from this incident, "everything went very well." It was Lady Craigton's first experience of launching a ship and she was full of enthusiasm about it. What with buttons to press and tapes to cut, a launching is, she assures me, all fairly mechanical and practically a foolproof operation "except," she adds, "for the collisions afterwards."

GUIDES ON PARADE

Guides throughout Scotland recently held a week of public exhibitions on all aspects of modern Guiding. The most ambitious was the Edinburgh "Spotlight on Guiding" which gave demonstrations of ski-ing, canoe building, mountain rescue work, motor maintenance and bridge building—the last skill demonstrated by Rangers and Guides from the Blind School. Each evening during the week different guests of honour performed the opening ceremony. They included Dame Elizabeth Hoyer-Millar, D.B.E., Scottish Chief Commissioner, Girl Guides Association; Lord Kilbrandon, chairman of the Standing Consultative Council on Youth Services in Scotland; the Countess of Mar & Kellie, chairman of the Scottish

Association of Youth Clubs; and Lady Primrose, County President, County of the City of Edinburgh Girl Guides.

BUSY LADY PRIMROSE

Lady Primrose had a busy week of it. From Guiding she moved to fashion and opened one of two very well-attended shows in aid of the Edinburgh Council of Social Service, whose sort of work has her particular interest and sympathy. Edinburgh had plenty of fashion on this particular day, for the same evening the Edinburgh Aviv Society, a branch of the Women's International Zionist Organisation, held a parade of fashion in aid of funds for women and children in Israel—particularly homeless immigrants. This was a very lively show with mannequins cha-cha-ing down the catwalk. The show was opened by Lady Dunbar who, though she admits to being not quite as busy now as when she was Lady Provost of Edinburgh, assures me that she is "not just sitting back doing nothing." I cannot imagine a more unlikely role for this very energetic and friendly woman. She has been opening a series of bazaars lately and is off up to Dundee this month to open yet another fashion show—this time in aid of cancer research.

J.P.



The Premier's first grandchild, Fiona Grizel Wolfe Murray, with her mother, Mrs. James Wolfe Murray, just before their visit to 10 Downing Street when the baby was 12 days old



CHARITY CHAIRLADIES

The are plenty of parties that are just parties to please the people who give and the people who go. There are also a lot more that while giving pleasure also contribute big sums in hard cash to good causes. A large and increasing percentage of the balls, bazaars, premières and parties that make up the London Season fall into the second category. Launching event of the debutante whirl, Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball—on 5 May this year at Grosvenor House—is itself a charity affair organized to raise funds for the Association of Friends of Queen Charlotte's and Chelsea Hospitals. The pattern of Queen Charlotte's is traditional and largely unchanging but a subtle alteration is taking place in the charity party scene. The new trend is for parties where you pay to go and are not then pressed to buy extra tickets for raffles, lucky programmes, tombolas and the like. But the big charity ball remains the money-spinner; some make thousands of pounds. Last year the Spastics Ball had a raving success when the Beatles performed in the cabaret, but tickets for the ball were sold out in any case, even though the prime exponents of the Merseybeat were not mentioned as an attraction. The best fund-raisers for charity are the ones with the best organizing committees. Tom Hustler here photographs a cross-section of London's many charity chairladies

Mrs. Basil Lindsay-Finn (top) was photographed in typical form as chairman of the fourth annual Ocean Wave Ball held at the Savoy for the British Sailors' Society. Mrs. Lindsay-Finn is a well-known fund-raiser notable for her ability to make people realize the pressing needs of a good cause and to stump up accordingly

The Hon. Mrs. Vere Harmsworth (right) is chairman for the second year of the Pied Piper Ball which raises funds for the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Mrs. Harmsworth works mainly on N.S.P.C.C. functions like the Pied Piper, has also organized a fashion lunch for the U.N.A.

Lady Denning (far right) checks over items in the stock room at the Christmas Sale of S.S.A.F.A., the charity of which her husband Lieut-General Sir Reginald Denning is chairman. Her own chairmanship of the Sale resulted in a net profit of £4,300—overheads totalled only £200. The success has encouraged her to undertake the chairmanship this year of the Kent County Appeals Committee for which she plans a major Christmas Sale to be held at Tunbridge Wells on 21 November



The Hon. Petrina Mitchell-Thompson
 daughter of Lady Selsdon, is the enthusiastic junior chairman of the Alexandra Rose Day Ball. Her activities in enlisting support for the cause include throwing a series of cocktail parties at her home. Cooking is her spare-time activity; she is seen preparing a meal in a friend's flat



Mrs. Jack Steinberg,
 here with her daughter Kathrine, is joint-chairman with Lady Heald of the River Ball in aid of the Royal College of Nursing and National Council of Nurses of the United Kingdom. This year's River Ball will be held appropriately aboard S.S. Royal Sovereign at Tower Pier on 9 June. Kathrine has been junior chairman of several functions, including an art auction to help the Save the Children Fund





The Countess of Wesmorland
above) was president of the Spastics Ball, notable for the performance of the Beatles in the cabaret. She will be president again at this year's ball to be held at Grosvenor House on 7 December. She is seen with disc jockey David Jacobs, himself the vice-chairman of the Stars Organization for Spastics, whose many activities net an annual £27,000 for the charity



Lady Anne Tennant (above) was chairman of the 500 Ball for the last few years and also of the Chelsea Guinea Party held in her old home in Tite Street before it was pulled down to build the new Tennant home. Both parties were in aid of the British Rheumatism & Arthritis Association. The next Guinea Party—that's the price of the ticket—will be held this Friday (10 April) at 20, Bourdon Street. Lady Anne is a supporter of the trend to less formal parties which take little time to organize and have a higher profit margin



Mrs. Noel Cunningham-Reid, seen with her son Mark, was junior chairman of the Snow Ball in aid of the Greater London Fund for the Blind. Tickets for this ball at the Dorchester are always sold out well before the date each year. Says Mrs. Cunningham-Reid: "It is a jolly good charity and we have a very large ticket-selling committee who all say they like to support it because it is a rattling good party." Support is consistent, the same people go every year

Order of Merit

For the second year running the Royal Gold Medal for Architecture has been awarded to a British architect. Maxwell Fry, C.B.E., B.Arch., F.R.I.B.A., this year gains the distinction previously given to such men as Le Corbusier, Nervi, Gropius, and, in 1963, Sir William Holford. ROBERT WRAIGHT went to talk to Mr. Fry in the Georgian terrace house in St. Marylebone where he works and lives. ROMANO CAGNONI took the pictures

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The last time I wrote about Maxwell Fry, C.B.E., B.Arch., F.R.I.B.A., I was attacked by a pseudonymous columnist of the architectural Press for encouraging the "personality cult among architects." Now I am watching that gentleman's column closely to see if he is logical and honest enough to attack the Royal Institute of British Architects for committing the same offence by awarding Mr. Fry this year's Royal Gold Medal for Architecture. In recent years this highest distinction that Britain has to offer in this field has been bestowed on such men as Walter Gropius, Alvar Aalto, Sven Markelius, Mies Van De Rohe, Nervi and Le Corbusier, all of them giants of modern architecture and great personalities as well. Last year it was given to Sir William Holford, and the fact that this year again a British architect has been considered worthy of it should be a matter for rejoicing—even by anti-personality-cult columnists.

The medal presented to Maxwell Fry this week



by Sir Robert Matthew, president of the R.I.B.A., was awarded "not for any particular building he has designed but for the contribution he has made to architecture throughout his life, particularly for the way he has led and inspired younger architects." The phrase "throughout his life" should not be misconstrued. The idea of retirement is for him unthinkable (and for the interviewer unmentionable). At 64, but looking much younger, he is as keen, alert and enthusiastic about the business of building ("I would be happy to be remembered as a good builder," he told me) as in the tremendous days of 1952-55 when he and his wife Jane Drew worked on the creation of Chandigarh alongside Le Corbusier ("who dominated the scheme with his profound intelligence and courage") and Pierre Jeanneret. And he left me in no doubt that should such a vast project present itself again he would throw himself (and his wife) into it with the same sort of energy and drive that made him, in the 1930s, one of the pioneers

of modern architecture in this country.

Although modern architecture was then already well-established on the Continent the battle had still to be won, even begun, in Britain. The first concerted attack was made with the formation of the M.A.R.S. (Modern Architectural Research) Group, of which Fry was a founder member, in 1931. His career since then has been called "a faithful projection of the architectural development of our times."

Despite the great success the post-war period has brought him he cannot conceal a feeling of nostalgia for that exciting decade before the war. His experience of the struggles of those years has helped him as a lecturer and as a writer to help the young would-be architects of the present. Even today he feels a greater affinity with the young architect than with most of his contemporaries. "I still find it easier to talk to students than to old architects who are giving up the ghost." And, significantly, when asked to name those of his buildings that he considers

1 Miss Jane Drew, Mr. Fry's partner in the firm, and also his wife. The painting over the mantelpiece is by John Wynne

2 Mr. Fry's group attracts young architects from all over the world—here he discusses with her a drawing by Mrs. Raji Shukla from India

3 In the sitting room over the design offices is a painting by F. N. Souza, and on the bookshelf, sculptures by Aristide Maillol (left) and Alexander Metcalfe

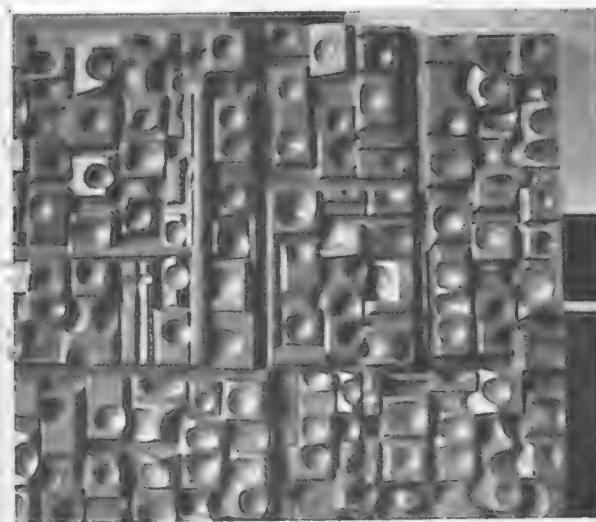
4 Mr. Fry in the basement design office; behind him on the blackboard are drawings of the group's prefabricated houses, prototypes of which are now going up in North London



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1. The third floor dining room dressed for a party. Above the fireplace is a painting by Le Corbusier, and on the right-hand wall a painting and collage by Eduardo Paolozzi
2. In the sitting room, also on the third floor, Piano Sculpture by Brian Howell, and above it, a relief by Eduardo Paolozzi
3. Beside the desk in Mr. Fry's office is a low relief in metal by Paul Mount, who was teaching art in Africa when he created it.
4. A corner of the dining room showing a painting by Christoforou; the curtains are bedsheet ornaments by Paolozzi, who also painted the ceiling
5. A drawing by Roger Hilton hangs on the landing between the second and third floors

his best he couples the library of Ibadan University, completed in 1951, with Sun House, Frogmore, which he built when he was 36 and which, according to one informed critic, is "small but grander in scale than anything built in Hampstead since the 18th century." This choice, it will be noted, takes pride of place over all his and his firm's many other impressive achievements in Africa, in India, in Mauritius and in this country, and over such highly praised recent works as the offices for Rolls-Royce and for Wates Ltd.

Normally a mild-mannered man he sees red at mention of the irresponsible, get-rich-quick type of developer who is being allowed to mar the faces of our cities and towns. Most of what has been done to rebuild London depresses him, makes him sad. "It is almost too late now," he says, "to do anything to retrieve the position."

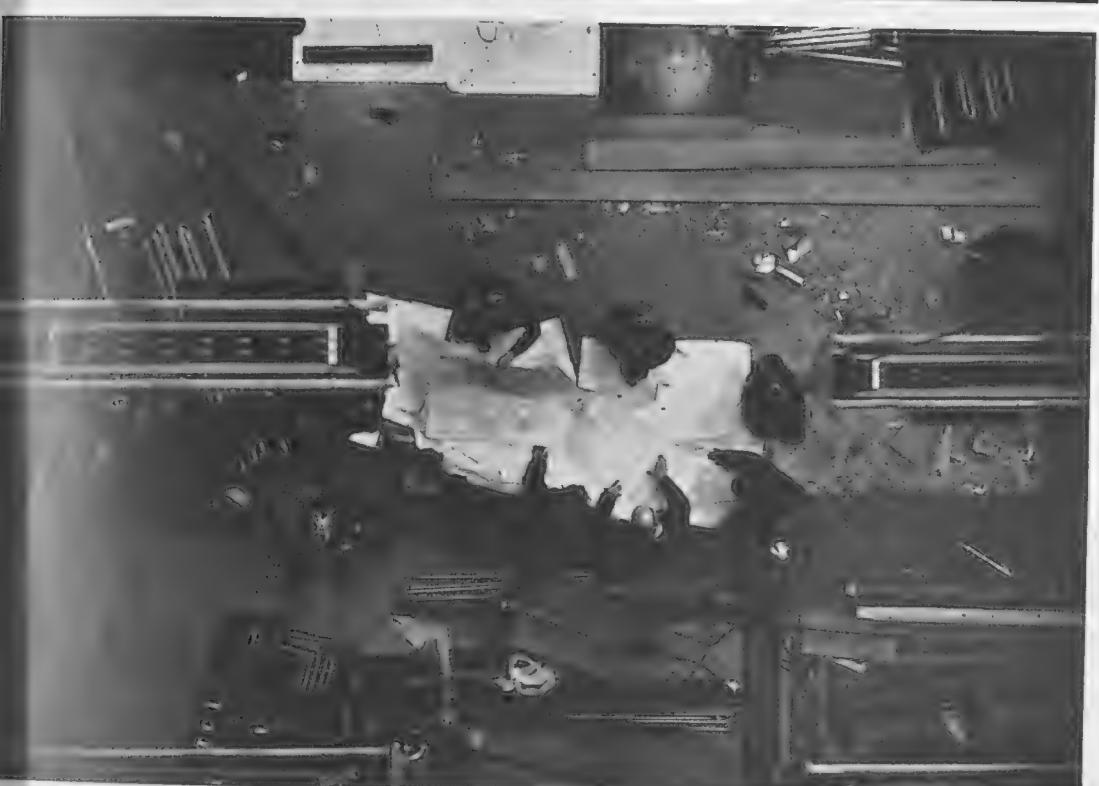
His own style of building is modern without being *avant-garde* and is generally acknowledged

to be easy on the eye a quality that derives from an instinctive sense of good proportion and an artist's feeling for colour. An opportunity to study the evolution of this style and to make an assessment of the creative contribution he has made to architecture throughout his life will be provided shortly at, of all places, the Monks Hall Museum, Eccles, Manchester. There, entirely on the initiative of the borough's young librarian and museum curator, Mr. John Bryan, a retrospective exhibition of Fry's work will be mounted in May. Says Mr. Fry, "Anyone who sees it there will be a pilgrim, not a visitor."

But I can report that the Arts Council are already showing interest in the exhibition and it is likely to be accessible to a greater section of the public in the summer when, incidentally, the architect himself is going to America to collect another honour—an Honorary Fellowship of the American Institute of Architects.

The year of the Kangaroo

A week on Monday the first transmission of the B.B.C.'s second channel will hit London and the home counties. The herringbone aerials have gone up and many of the early programmes are already recorded. Premature critics have already pointed out a number of potential flaws in the service and overleaf Michael Peacock, head of B.B.C.-2, sets the record straight in conversation with J. Roger Baker. Aubrey Dewar took the photographs at the rapidly expanding television centre at White City



Michael Peacock squints along a table at a model of a proposed transmission symbol to be shown before the second channel comes on the screen, submitted by Geoffrey Martin, a free-lance graphic designer. *Top left:* Alan Blaikley (see also overleaf) watches his own programme take shape on monitor screens. It was shown as a sort of end-of-term test at the close of his trainee producer course. *Centre left:* a pattern of the future is assembled in the new studios being built at the Television Centre. Here the construction manager and his staff consider planning problems. *Left:* Peacock, B.B.C.-2's chief, with, behind him on the window ledge, a large woolly kangaroo; and on the desk, if one looks closely enough, a tiny felt one. The office has been receiving these toy animals from well-wishers since the channel's symbol was announced



"As far as I can read the tea leaves it will give new dimensions in viewing. Some people will howl of course, but others will be on their knees with gratitude. The average man will, I think, be thankful and glad."

Speaker: Michael Peacock. Subject: B.B.C.-2.
Authority: he's in charge of the second channel and responsible for the form it will take.

Mr. Peacock spared us exactly half-an-hour from his tightly-scheduled day. His ninth-floor office looks across the circular courtyard of the Television Centre at White City, a massive sprawl of buildings, some completed, some barely beyond foundation stage, which has been putting programmes out since it was opened in 1960, but which has also to gear itself for the great extra demands of the second service.

The new dimension is based on a carefully organised weekly programme, each night having an individual flavour. Wednesday, for example, will consist of repeats of popular programmes already shown on either channel, and Friday will be accented on straight drama. This idea emerged from weekly meetings by a

small group set up after the Pilkington report to find new thoughts for B.B.C.-2. "We want the viewer to become familiar with the pattern," says Peacock, "and to give him what he is expecting on each particular evening."

The coming of the second channel has stimulated the Shepherd's Bush centre, even those unconnected with the enterprise, to an extraordinary degree. The outward signs—new buildings, more people dashing about, more programmes being canned—are only part of it. The general feeling seems to be that at last something exciting and really new is being launched.

Says Peacock: "Television really does need a second B.B.C. channel. Not only is there real competition for audience with I.T.V., but it is an opportunity to develop new ideas and extend the medium's range." This man at the top went straight into television from the London School of Economics. He began as a trainee-producer, later produced *Panorama* ("we had more freedom there than Fleet Street editors did," he commented), had a period with Outside Broadcasts and

then took over editorship of the TV news.

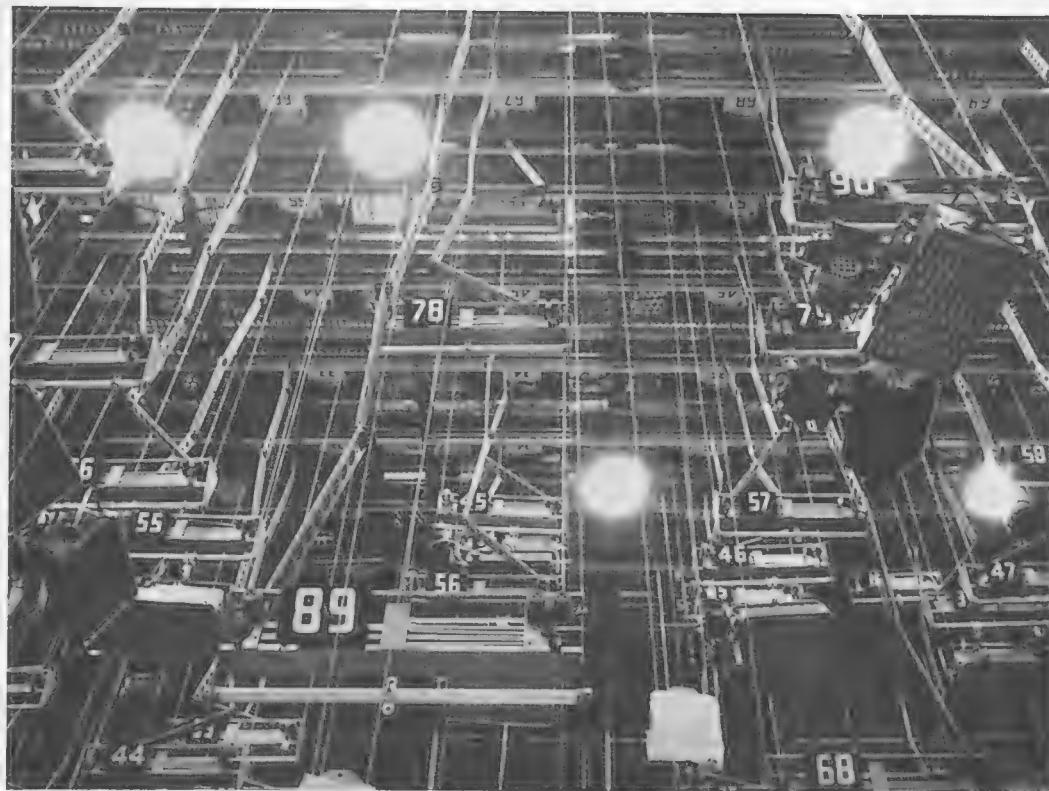
One of the main criticisms one hears murmured of the new channel is that it may well siphon off the better material from B.B.C.-1 and ultimately become a tremendous drain on talent that is scarce enough as it is. Peacock's answer to this indicates that such criticism shows a misconception of B.B.C.-2's form and aims.

"Obviously we will not take already existing programmes on to the new channel. There is no competition with B.B.C.-1. Donald Baverstock and I share the same planning staff—there is a bit of rivalry of course, but of the right kind, to keep us all sane."

"We will not be trying to do the same thing as the existing channel at all; we shall explore brand new forms and there is certainly no talent barrier."

Immediately he can point to the huge squad of trainee producers engaged for the new service. "There were 8,000 applications. We selected 130 new producers and assistant producers. Some were ready, some knew nothing."

The year of the Kangaroo



The new men were put through a crash course, covering all aspects of television production, culminating in a test where they devised an original programme, produced it and presented it for comment and criticism rather like finals. Some of the new talent has been drawn from other aspects of broadcasting (sound radio, I.T.V.) others from related industries, but many are straight from university.

Being in control does not mean that the new channel will be a paradise for Peacock. "The programmes are my decision, certainly, but each one—from idea to fact—is a combination of people; one is a prisoner of the people available. We are also bound by the responsibility of company commanders to deliver the goods. We are bound by this. It is not a question of freewill."

Peacock works an eight-hour day—he travels from Roehampton where he lives with his wife and two sons—and says he watches television purely for professional reasons.

"There is so little time for viewing for me these days, but I always try to see *Z-Cars* and as many

plays as I can." Though he has respect for the common viewer, Peacock does not take much notice of casual criticism from individuals: "I am always interested in personal reactions, but the best guide to the success of a programme is a consensus of informed opinion."

Well, in a couple of weeks every man from Hitchin to Horsham, from Aylesbury to Ashford (they aren't jolly alliterations for nothing, but roughly the outer limits of the Crystal Palace transmitter's range) will be his own television critic. The seven million pound a year service will bombard them with taut new serials, classic plays and adaptations, light entertainment and educative topics: "Broadcasting without an audience is meaningless and I believe the viewer respects the service that refuses to bring everything down to a common level."

On Michael Peacock's desk is a tiny felt kangaroo, in a corner a huge woolly one—toys designed from the new channel's symbol sent in by well-wishers. There really doesn't seem to be any question as to whether the baby will survive the first leaps from its mother's pouch.

By the time the new channel goes on the air, nine of B.B.C.'s major studios will be equipped for it. At the Television Centre conversion work has been going on to make studios and the equipment serving them capable of operating on the dual standards—the new channel goes out on 625-line standard, B.B.C.-1 on 405-line standard. The line structure of the picture on the new channel will be less obvious to the viewer and give finer definition.

Above left: among the 130 trainee producers engaged is 23-year-old Oxford graduate Alan Blaikley (standing right), who devised a programme called *Getting Across* (showing the problems of communication between the generations) for the end of his crash course. Personalities with him in the discussion include Katherine Jay, daughter of Douglas Jay, M.P., Captain W. E. Johns, creator of Biggles, and a sociologist from the London School of Economics



The Duke's day starts with vitamin pills washed down by several cups of honey-laced tea. In London he stayed in the Audley Suite of the Dorchester. Rising at 10 o'clock in the morning is a good deal earlier than for most jazz musicians. With him in the car on the way to the B.B.C.'s recording studios is his musical right hand man, Billy Strayhorn. Over two days the Duke recorded two programmes for the B.B.C.'s second channel, playing the piano himself in many of the basics of the Ellington repertory, at other times listening intently to playbacks. Often he took his band through three or more takes of a number before being satisfied

A DAY WITH THE DUKE

Edward Kennedy Ellington has been a band leader since 1924. In those days the band was called "his Washingtonians"—he was born in Washington. During the succeeding 40 years the name has changed to "his famous orchestra," indicating as much as anything the new dimension he has given big band jazz. Recently he went even further and produced a record called *Symphonic Ellington*, made in various European cities and employing 500 musicians from opera and symphony orchestras for the various tracks. His jazzy look at Tchaikovsky's *Nutcracker* ballet has become a recherché acquisition for collectors. It has been said that Ellington plays the piano, but his real instrument is the band. He writes for particular musicians and his basic band is composed of brilliant individualists—the list reads like a *Who's Who of Jazz*—some of whom have been with the Duke for 38 years. The only white player is Rolf Erikson, one of the trumpeters. At 65, the Duke has become a legend in his own lifetime. His work is studied in music colleges all over the world and professional musicians whose circuit is usually bounded by the concert hall and recital room turn up for his concerts. Duke Ellington is a physically ageing man and tours like his latest British one are demanding. Hours are spent travelling, arranging, rehearsing and writing, but the music stays fresh and stimulating. After the most arduous concert he will stay behind to chat with anyone who cares to approach him. Ever on the ball, Ellington has made his own contribution to the Shakespeare celebrations by writing incidental music for a production of *Timon of Athens* at Stratford, Ontario

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GRAHAM SMITH-ATTWOOD



WHEN THE WINE IS ROSÉ!

It's a drink for summer—for the party and picnic season from May to August—but there's a lot more that's worth knowing about the pink wine that used to be called grey. Pamela Vandyke Price corrects some popular misconceptions and provides a guide to the wide range of good rosés that can be bought in London



Vin rosé is essentially a wine for summer—a wine to be chilled refreshingly, poured generously and quaffed without much ado. At picnics and on patios, by torchlight on the river or fading lamplight in the dawn after a ball, it's a sound choice for the season. (And the right kind of rosé can also be the consolation for the rainy day when the picnic is cancelled or the special guest of the evening cries off and supper has to be eaten in solitary state). This is not to say that vin rosé will go with everything. (I have seen parties in restaurants where the solution to the problem of "one of us is having steak, someone else fish—and I'm having the curry", was suggested as vin rosé; my own choice would certainly have fallen on something more robust, like a white Burgundy, probably with lager for the curry-lover.) Rosé is a wine for meats—and fishes—that are not so highly flavoured that its taste and fragrance are swamped, and for all the delicious cold dishes of summertime. Mr. Peter Reynier, whose firm ship rosé from the Loire, and who is the most careful of hosts, suggests a good dry rosé as an apéritif, because it will freshen the palate and make it ready for any food that is to follow. (And I have known those who must have their cocktails, speak well of a mixture of one-third gin, two-thirds dry : : :)

Another illusion about rosé, is that it is something "weak"—and therefore suitable for débutantes or for those who want to tip down large quantities of wine anyway. But not for nothing have some of the French rosés earned the description of "vins traitres", and if you drink them like water, be prepared to take a rest afterwards. All rosé is wine and therefore within the degrees of alcoholic strength necessary for table wines.

Vin rosé is made by allowing the skins of black grapes to remain in the vat with the new wine until the colouring matter from the inside of the skins imparts a tint to the colourless grape juice. Some varieties of grape contain more colouring matter than others, and the degree of ripeness of the grapes also affects this tinting process; there are some grapes which themselves contain pinkish pulp, which naturally makes a very dark wine, but in general newly-pressed grape juice is rather the hue of weakish lemonade. But within this general description there are as many varieties of rosé as—almost—there are of reds and whites; true, most are meant to be drunk young, while their freshness is at its peak (though this, too, can vary) and, with two exceptions and the vintage Champagnes rosés, I do not know of a rosé that bears a vintage label, nor have I heard of one throwing a deposit or needing decanting. This makes rosé a good choice when you need to serve something

quickly—the problem of chilling it can be solved with a really deep bucket of iced water more quickly than with a refrigerator, and it helps if you chill the glasses; these can go in the fridge as well.

As rosé is seldom very expensive, you might range through the different types as a sort of Sunday morning after Sunday morning summer drink—or serve a selection, with cold food, at any informal party, so that friends can pick what they fancy. There are good rosés from many countries available here and, generally, the rosés follow the style of the other table wines from the region that makes them—districts producing full-bodied, extra-fragrant wines will make the sort of rosé that is fuller in flavour and more definite in bouquet than a rosé from a region famous for its light, dry wines.

Top of the price range in my personal choice for rosés that are either new or specially to my taste, is the Heidsieck Dry Monopole Rosé, interesting academically because it's the only non-vintage rosé made by any of the "grandes marques" of Champagne, and as enjoyable as good Champagne always is (30s. from Morgan Furze and Fosters). I have written before about the sparkling pink Burgundy, "Partridge Eye", which is a "fun" drink of definite quality and which because of its novelty, would make a nice present to host or hostess on those occasions when you know they have flowers in their garden and chocolates barred from their diet (19s. from Justerini & Brooks). Also in this category, because the bottle is prettily presented, is Asher Storey's Clémentine Rosé de Provence—the wine happens to be pleasantly "full of the warm south" too (9s. 6d. from John Martin). Another Provençal wine that might console you for coming back after a holiday is Pradel Rosé (13s. 6d. from Stowells), and of course there is the deservedly and apparently perennially popular Tavel, from the Rhône, which is a dryish, darkish coloured wine, fine with the garlicky dishes of the region and selections of salami (1959 vintage, 11s. 3d. from Harrods). It has a slight tinge of orange about it, though the wine most famous for this comes from the Hérault, slightly to the west of the mouth of the Rhône—Pélure d'Oignon, aptly named for the onion-skin aureole where wine meets glass (10s. 6d. from Peter Dominic).

Portuguese wines gain steadily in popularity and there is little need to do more than mention the pétillant Mateus Rosé, 14s., and to assure drinkers that the property from which it comes is even more attractive than the label. But another still wine that I consider good value is Rosé do Portugal (7s. 9d. from Ehrmanns). Another newcomer, of astonishing cheapness, considering that it is imported in bottle, is

one from South Africa—Rosé Pétillant, Twee Jongegezellen (quite easy to say if you rush it, 10s. from Morgan Furze), though this is not as pétillant as the Mateus.

Bordeaux produces many rosés, wines slightly softer and gentler to the palate than the dry wines of the north or the full wines of the true south; a Bordeaux rosé would be my choice for a summer party with guests of very varying ages and tastes, and two I like are Coeur de Capbern, from high up in the Médoc (8s. 9d. from Victoria Wine) and Couhins Rosé, from the Graves (9s. 6d. from John Harvey). Swathe the bottles in napkins and see if your wine-snob friends get the area right for each—or if the economic-minded consider the difference in price is justified! Rosés that even the experienced wine drinker may not know are the Beaujolais Rosé (10s. 6d. from Hedges & Butler) and a Burgundy rosé, called Changris Mâcon (about 12s. from Edward Robinson); both these would stand up to the sort of meals you fling together in a tiny ship's galley or by a camp fire, when an utterly dry wine is too dry and a very full one—well, just too full (even my wine vocabulary has limitations!). But when you are out of doors, in our sort of climate, you need something to buck you up rather than knock you out—sunshine, or the lack of it, changes one's reactions to wine greatly.

With fish, people usually like a truly dry wine and the rosés from Anjou (O. W. Loeb has a good one for 9s. 6d.) meet this need. You can serve them, too, with shellfish or smoked salmon or trout, which makes them good "first course" wines, or accompaniments to a light luncheon. Some people like them with fresh salmon, though as this is a rich, fat fish, I tend to prefer something less delicate to partner it when choosing for myself. A very light, dry rosé from the Jura is another possibility for the times when a dry wine is preferred and the charmingly-named Cendré de Novembre has already won a lot of popularity; it is pale pink and its shipper, Mr. Gerald Asher, says that at one time pink wines were more generally called "gris" than "rosé." This is one of the few "grey wines" still to be found.

Finally, a most unusual wine and perhaps the palest rosé of all—Rosé Rosenhag Superior 1962, from the Rhine. The shippers, Hermann Kendermann, of Wiesbaden, are the only firm in the German wine trade who are both shippers and brokers and who, as brokers, operate on both the Rhine and the Moselle. They seem slightly surprised themselves at the success of this rosé—but, having tasted it, I was not. It is dry and, as London agents Dent & Ruess described it, "a perfect tennis party wine." All Kendermann's wines are bottled in Germany, but their unique "two-fold" role enables the public to buy this wine for about 11s. (from Block, Grey & Block).

ROSÉS FROM THE SOUTH (opposite page, from left) Cordier's Grand Vin Rosé in the *Plaisir de France* range from Bordeaux; Twee Jongegezellen, Rosé Pétillant from South Africa; Cendré de Novembre, Grand Vins Gris, a very light, dry rosé from the Jura; Henri Maire Arbois, also from the Jura; the dry Rosé d'Anjou. Baccarat glass from Burlington Glass, Burlington Arcade, Piccadilly

Overture to the season



Town or country dress in oatmeal-toned hopsack, side buttoned, the skirt flatly pleated.
By Charles Creed (who is now at 130 Ebury Street). Caramel suede hat by Simone Mirman

The curtain is rising on another Summer Season; the atmosphere fills with excitement and promise; engagement books are already crowded with tantalising and unpredictable dates. Debs and dowagers alike are swept into the whirl, and Unity Barnes here suggests some clothes designed to make an active contribution to the social scene. The photographs, by Vernier, were taken at Malletts, Bourdon House, where an important exhibition of 19th-century French sculpture by Jules Dalou will open on 28 April



For cool spring days, a glossy black broadtail coat, three-quarter length, with a tie belt slotted inside the back. At Bradleys. Beige straw hat with a velvet bow by Otto Lucas at Debenham & Freebody

Overture to the season



*For many events and for all ages, a navy blue wool boucle coat dress, the bodice squared up with white pique
By Henri, 21 gns. at Harvey Nichols and Anthonie, Cardiff.
Navy straw hat, the brim swathed with white-spotted chiffon, by R. M. Hats, 26 gns. at Fortnum & Mason*



Late-day good looks perfected by a pale mink jacket, waist length and slightly barrelled. In Canada Majestic Violet mink, from the National Fur Company (who have returned to their old house, now splendidly re-built, at 193, Brompton Road). Diamond and gold jewellery from Kutchinsky

Overture to the season



*Mimosa yellow organza dress, short skirted, has a big cape collar heavily edged with
silky embroidery. By Jean Allen, 17 gns. at the Army & Navy Stores.
The bronze head, by Jules Dalou, will be shown in the forthcoming exhibition at Malletts*



Pearly beige chiffon dress with a scarf-tied collar, deep cuffs fastened with a row of tiny buttons. By Marcusa, 11½ gns. at Fenwicks; Bobbys, Eastbourne. White panama hat by Otto Lucas, £23 at Dickins & Jones



Coarse white cotton lace is laid over palest pink silk in this ankle-length dress, the high waistline marked by a full-blown rose. By Caroline Charles, 13½ gns. at Woollands 31 Shop; Cripps 20/30 Shop, Liverpool; Pophams, Plymouth



A ball dress in white organdie, scattered with little black tulle flowers, has a full skirt opening over a narrow underskirt. By Jacques Heim Atelier, 47½ gns. at Fortnum & Mason

Overture to the season



Pervenche blue silk dress, its upcurved bodice and tiny sleeves closely embroidered and scalloped above an eased-in skirt. By Julian Rose, £44 12s. 6d. at Rocha, Grafton Street; Vogue, Cambridge. Gold and diamond necklace from Kutchinsky

GOOD LOOKS
BY
ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON



BEAUTIFUL DREAMER

To be a beautiful dreamer, it is necessary first to clean the skin at least three times. Once is never enough to remove London grime and the basis of a super skin is to be fanatic about cleansing. There is a cream or lotion to suit every kind of skin and one of the newest treatment cleansers is Elizabeth Arden's special cleansing cream. This product dissolves oiliness and its acid-neutralising ingredients thoroughly cleanses the pores of the bacteria that cause acne, spots and blackheads. It is particularly good for the skin that has blocked pores but also suffers from a superficial dryness. If your skin is the taut, dry, easily irritated kind, then the best solution is a liquifying cleansing cream that dissolves into a cleansing balm when applied to the skin. Yardley make a range of Choosing a night cream is a nightmare task because you can only tell by actually using the thing whether the qualities suit you. Try and visit the beauty counter with an un-made-up skin so the girl can get a good look at it without the camouflage of make-up. And smooth a little into the skin to get the feel of it. Some new preparations from Sweden contain no known irritants—the range is called Maxelle 32 and the products are distinguished by letters after the number. Particularly appreciated by the middle aged is 32N. Very rich, light and quick-disappearing into the skin, it can be used by the extra dry by day as a foundation. Packed in white plastic apothecary jars, this cream costs 12s. 6d. It is recommended that this cream be used for at least 32 days at a stretch. The frothy organdie pillow case in the photograph is by The White House.

on plays

POOR MOTHER

Mr. Sewell Stokes' **Mother's Boy** at the Globe Theatre, is a comedy which draws a parallel between the life of a best-selling, hen-pecked author of the present day, and the life of Nero and his overbearing mother, Agrippina, in classic Rome. Ralph the writer has a comfortable existence at Henley and turns out book after book about emperors and their concubines, each volume assured of success and each year bringing him a plumper royalty balance. His new secretary, Poppy, is an exceptionally attractive girl and everything would be for the best if it were not for two facts; that he is apt to go off into trances during which Ancient Rome becomes an actuality, and that his mother is a brass-bound andinating bore.

The play is thus spent in a Thames-side house and half the splendours of palaces and villas in Rome or Baiae. Poppy is translated into Poppea, the mother into Agrippina, one of whose many claims to fame or notoriety was that she was sister to Caligula, the big joker who made his own consul.

frequent change-overs are made neatly enough, helped by some very attractive scenery, solidly built in the traditional way and scarcely revolving at all. As youthful Nero Mr. David Tomlinson alters not a whit—except sartorially—and expresses the same kind of zany, flippable charm in both manifestations.

His imperial robes and togas are apt to hang about him with something less than dignity and his receding Beatle cut is not of the most becoming, but then Nero could never have been described as the noblest Roman of them all. Miss Ann Bell's Poppy, demure and efficient, merges smoothly into a consciously seductive Poppea, using all her wiles on the emperor to ensure that his proposal should be one of marriage.

As for the mother figure and Agrippina, these parts are formidably played by Miss Peggy Mount, who manages to be inflexibly dragon-like in both and, whether smocked and trousered, or draped and crowned, brings the same crackling vitality and boomerang

dition to bear on her performances. Empress or no empress, this is our brash and brazen-voiced friend from *Sailor Beware!* and no amount of imperial skullduggery is going to quench that vigorous delivery. It could be argued, of course, that this is not ideal casting but such a point of view I would hold to be no less than cowardly. Miss Mount's presence is certainly as important to this play as Agrippina's.

As far as the plot is concerned (and there is a plot, lurk it never so shyly behind the dialogue) the action consists

in the author trying to free himself from the domination of his mother and at the same time make a hit with his secretary, while Nero with the help of his sage counsellors plans to put his mother to death by poison or drowning and to make a successful pass at Poppea. Both mothers being the indomitable characters they are, their respective sons have no luck at all and their amorous advances aren't too warmly received either. Of course, one doesn't really expect to see Mr. Tomlinson triumphant; his dramatic qualities are far better suited to moods of bafflement and comic despair, and this important point the playwright has firmly grasped.

Where Mr. Stokes has been less effective is in engaging one's sympathy for a man whose

frequent rages are mere pettishness and whose ambitions are set on such very low sights. This is the central figure, scarcely ever absent from the stage. But he is not a particularly likeable figure for all his single-minded pursuit of passion on one side and poisons on the other.

Mr. Tomlinson works enormously hard throughout the evening, sparing himself not a single tantrum, and has also directed this little romp. His sense of comedy, Miss Mount's powerful lungs and Miss Bell's pretty chirpings have helped it to such success as it has; it is not a really memorable production. I was even tempted at one point to echo Miss Tallulah Bankhead's celebrated dictum on another flimsy play, that "there is less in this than meets the eye."



Sarah Miles plays Isabelle in Christopher Fry's translation of Jean Anouilh's *Ring Round the Moon* on B.B.C. Television this Wednesday. Naomi Capon directs. The cast also includes Keith Michell, Martita Hunt, Jill Dixon, and Peter Sallis

ELSPETH GRANT

on films

STORM OVER CANTERBURY

Handsome produced by Mr. Hal Wallis, splendidly directed by Mr. Peter Glenville, *Becket*, based on M. Jean Anhouilh's play, fills the wide screen with beauty. It is a quite marvellous piece of historical pageantry, evoking the spirit of 12th-century England magnificently, and taking as its central theme the stormy relationship between two diversely powerful men—the King and his beloved courtier, Becket. The film has been miraculously well cast and is superlatively played, so that M. Anhouilh's version of their story takes on a profundity which, I think, it essentially lacks.

Such faults as there are, are M. Anhouilh's. The dialogue is sometimes irritatingly anachronistic—and in making the Norman Becket a Saxon, the tricksy playwright has cocked an impudent snook at history and, which is worse, falsified the character's position in the conflict of the times, when the Saxons were despised and oppressed by their Norman conquerors of 100 years earlier. All the same, this is a tremendously compelling film—I would go so far as to say a great film—and you must see it.

Mr. Peter O'Toole gives a brilliant, fiercely neurotic performance as Henry II, the dangerously wilful monarch who loathes his acid mother (Miss Martita Hunt), his pouting queen (Miss Pamela Brown) and his four children, and loves and trusts only Becket—his witty, mocking boon companion who shares his delight in drinking, hunting, wenching and scandalizing alike the Norman barons and the Saxon clergy.

Mr. Richard Burton as Becket has, it seems to me, the more difficult role. If the roistering courtier's eventual change of heart is to be made credible, he must from the start suggest an underlying strength of character (in complete contrast to the weakness of the King), and this Mr. Burton does superbly.

To rile his barons, with whom he's out of humour, Henry elevates Becket to Chancellor of England, and is peevishly surprised to find he takes his high office seriously. A malicious whim prompts the King to trick Becket into

giving him his mistress (Miss Sian Phillips): the girl commits suicide, and this, M. Anhouilh seems to hint, is the beginning of the end of their friendship. (I can't believe that—it's altogether too banal.)

The real rift comes when Henry decides to infuriate his clergy, with whom he is always at loggerheads, by appointing Becket, on whose loyal allegiance he still relies, Archbishop of Canterbury—a fatal mistake, as it transpires, for Becket now dedicates himself to the service of God rather than the King. The man who could say "Where honour should be, in me there is only a void" is unexpectedly prepared to oppose his monarch in defence of "the honour of God".

Henry, feeling himself betrayed, is torn between love and hatred for Becket. ("You have an obsession about him which is unhealthy and unnatural," the Queen Mother tells him sternly.) Becket is forever in his mind, driving him frantic. "Will nobody rid me of this meddlesome priest?" he cries, in a drunken rage. Four all-too-willing barons do so: they murder Becket in Canterbury Cathedral while he is taking Vespers. The scene is tremendously dramatic and horrifying, and Mr. Burton dominates it to the last with his noble presence and magnificent voice.

Sir John Gielgud gives a wonderfully subtle performance as King Louis VII of France, a bland, elegant and wily diplomat of infinite charm. Sir Donald Wolfit is impeccable as the Bishop of London seething with jealous resentment, held well in check at the consecration of Becket as Archbishop, but spilling over in a tide of poison when he sees his chance to conspire against him. Mr. David Weston plays Brother John, the young devoted priest who dies with Becket, most movingly. Every performance, in fact, is flawless—every line (even the most unlikely) is beautifully spoken—and, to my mind, Mr. Glenville is to be congratulated on an undoubted masterpiece.

It cannot be denied that Mr. Anthony Mann has done an excellent job of direction on **The Fall of the Roman Empire**. His groupings are

grand, his handling of crowds masterly, his flashes of dramatic invention (take the javelin duel fought in the privacy of a square cut off from the public gaze by a high wall of Roman shields) are impressive—and he painstakingly does his best to put over the film's message, that wars and hatred engender wars and hatred.

So what am I beefing about? Well, dears, I am just tired of these blood-drenched epics—of battles in which one is never clear who's fighting whom, of chariot races (though the one here is the most scarifying ever), of gladiators, torture and human sacrifice and all that jazz.

Sir Alec Guinness makes Marcus Aurelius a wise and benign Caesar (and far less prosy than I used to think he was), and Mr. James Mason is extraordinarily endearing as Timonides, the Greek philosopher, whose pacific advice to

Commodus, the succeeding Caesar (a glittering performance from Mr. Christopher Plummer) is ignored, with the direst results. Signorina Sophia Loren, as Aurelius's daughter, looks absolutely lovely, but seems to have been awed into woodenness, and Mr. Stephen Boyd, as a military tribune and her lover, goes through all the motions without bringing the character to life. (The love scenes are tritely written and unpersuasively played.)

So it's the tyrannical rule of Commodus and his endless expensive wars that set the Roman Empire on the downward path. Well, now I know, I also know (for Mr. Mann tells me so) that Commodus was not really Marcus Aurelius's son: he was sired by a gladiator (Mr. Anthony Quayle)—there's a nice bit of old Roman scandal for you—which may account for his intolerable behaviour.



Prince Philip presided at the presentation of Ambassador Awards for Achievement 1963 held in the Jeannetta Cochrane Theatre, Central School of Arts & Crafts. Here he presents one of the 12 Awards—a bronze commission from Kenneth Armitage—to Sir Robin Darwin. In the centre is Mr. H. P. Juda, editor and publisher of The Ambassador

SPIKE HUGHES

on records

CYCLES AND ANNIVERSARIES

The prize for the champion euphemism of the year goes without doubt to the cautious Scots critic who, instead of saying recently that a famous baritone sang sharp, wrote that he showed a "tendency sometimes to cling to the upper side of a note." I made a particular note of the phrase as likely to come in useful next time I had a singer to write

about. It will have to keep for the moment, however, because it can't possibly be used about Régine Crespin whose performance of Ravel's *Shéhérazade* and Berlioz's *Nuits d'Été* for Decca (mono and stereo) is one of the most beautiful records in years.

These two song-cycles with orchestral accompaniment (the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 102

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VERDICTS CONTINUED

Ravel consists of three songs, the Berlioz of six) are wonderfully typical of that peculiar elegance and luxuriance which makes French songwriting—to me at any rate—an indescribably satisfying experience, like Cézanne or a 1947 Lafite. Régine Crespin's way with Ravel and Berlioz is full of enchantment, luscious richness and that affecting wistful melancholy which is always just below the surface of French music. The Berlioz cycle is a fascinating work and so beautifully sung in what is now the only available recording that you wouldn't want another anyway. *Shéhérazade* is good exotic shot-silk Ravel; it was written in 1903 and ends with a song, "L'indifférent," which is so queer (in every sense) that it might have been written in our own musical day and...

If there is one thing more than another that will make the English pay attention to music it is an anniversary. Tell them that Bruckner was born 140 years ago and they'll

have a festival about it; which somebody's doing just this minute. The sudden activity in Elgars on the musical stock exchange made me suspicious that they were up to some sort of hoe-down. His 107th birthday perhaps? It turned out that 1964 was the 30th anniversary of his death; so naturally that had to be commemorated. Well, I say, that's as good an excuse as any other, and as a result we now have a new recording conducted by Sir Adrian Boult of Elgar's **Second Symphony** (Pye Golden Guinea Collectors Series: one record, mono and stereo). Listening to this Symphony again I was struck above all by its astonishing virility, a quality now so unfashionable it is hard to believe that for three hundred years it was the most characteristic feature of English music. The Scherzo of Elgar's Second Symphony is still a most rousing experience and a lesson for everybody in sheer professional craftsmanship.

No city in the world, I suppose, has ever been quite so devoted to its past, and for so long, as Vienna. I'm quite

certain that even in Mozart's day, and earlier, the Viennese were singing about Old Vienna just as nostalgically as they are today. (Who but an Austrian like Richard Tauber would ever have thought of writing a musical called **Old Chelsea**? It would never have entered a Londoner's head.) There's no doubt, though, that in fact Vienna has a uniquely long tradition of high class popular music. Under the ghastly title of **Delightful Dances from Old Vienna** the nine-piece Willi Boskovsky Ensemble (himself is leader of the Vienna Philharmonic) are able to include dances by Schubert and Beethoven as well as by assorted Strauss, Lanner and two or three composers who sound like Fritz Kreisler and probably were. It is a gay record (Philips: mono and stereo) and one of the Beethoven dances is the same tune as the Eroica finale—an early instance, but by no means the first, of swinging the classics.

Brunswick's **The Glory of Cremona** (one record, mono and stereo) is certainly a

record for the choicer patron, but most intriguing nevertheless. It consists of 15 pieces for violin played by Ruggiero Ricci, who plays each one on a different and historic instrument. The 15 fiddles include 6 Strads, 5 Guarneris, 2 Amatis, a Bergonzi and a Gasparo da Salò, a collection which when it was assembled in the studio was worth all of a cool quarter of a million pounds. The most obvious way of comparing them, of course, would have been to play the same piece on a different violin each time, but as Mr. Ricci explains in the programme notes, some music sounds better on a Strad, some better on a Guarneri. A picture and a history of each of the violins is included in the notes and it is interesting to discover that no fewer than five of them were at one time owned by English amateurs—one of whom, Chichele Plowden, owned four Strads and four Guarneris. He also played them. Ruggiero Ricci himself plays on the "Gibson" Guarneri whose first traceable owner was an officer of the Bank of England.

ROBERT WRIGHT

on galleries

ON HAULING THE DUTCHMEN

Had he been at Sotheby's last month to see the sale of part of his wonderful collection of marine paintings, the late Sir Bruce Ingram would have been astonished at the price of £15,500 paid for a picture by Charles Brooking. The figure was almost three times the previous record price (5,200 guineas) paid for a work by this 18th-century English artist at Christie's last November, and 10 times as great as the record saleroom price that existed before then. Just how remarkable this figure is was underlined by the fact that a first-class work of larger size by the Dutch master Willem van de Velde the Younger (of whom Brooking was a follower) fetched £14,000 in the same sale though it is certain that Sir Bruce paid many times as much for the Dutchman's picture as he did for the Brooking.

Before that sale few people would have dared to suggest that the Dutch masters of marine painting were not incomparable. Now, of course, everyone can see that, at his best, Brooking could be a match

for them. But what of other British marine artists? How good are they? An opportunity to begin a reassessment of some of them now is conveniently provided by Christopher Bibby at the Rutland Gallery, in Brompton Road. With a family name like his it is hardly surprising that he has a special interest in, and knowledge of, sea pictures. A year ago he opened his handsome gallery with a very good exhibition called "Aspects of British Marine Painting." Now he has returned to the same theme with an even better show: **Sea Painting in England**.

Some idea of the flavour of the thing can be gathered from a few sample titles: *A Revenue Cutter chasing a smuggler under full sail* (in fact it is, I believe, an American warship chasing an English one during the War of Independence, but either way it is an exciting picture); *A Storm coming up over Drake's island with Men of War and other shipping*; *A Two Decker off the Needles*; *The Ship "Henry" in heavy seas*; *The Storm during*

the late Gales at Scarborough (or, in the words of *The Illustrated London News* of November 23, 1861, "The awful events that transpired at Scarborough on Saturday the 2nd instant when, in an attempt to rescue the schooner 'Coupland' the life-boat was lost . . .").

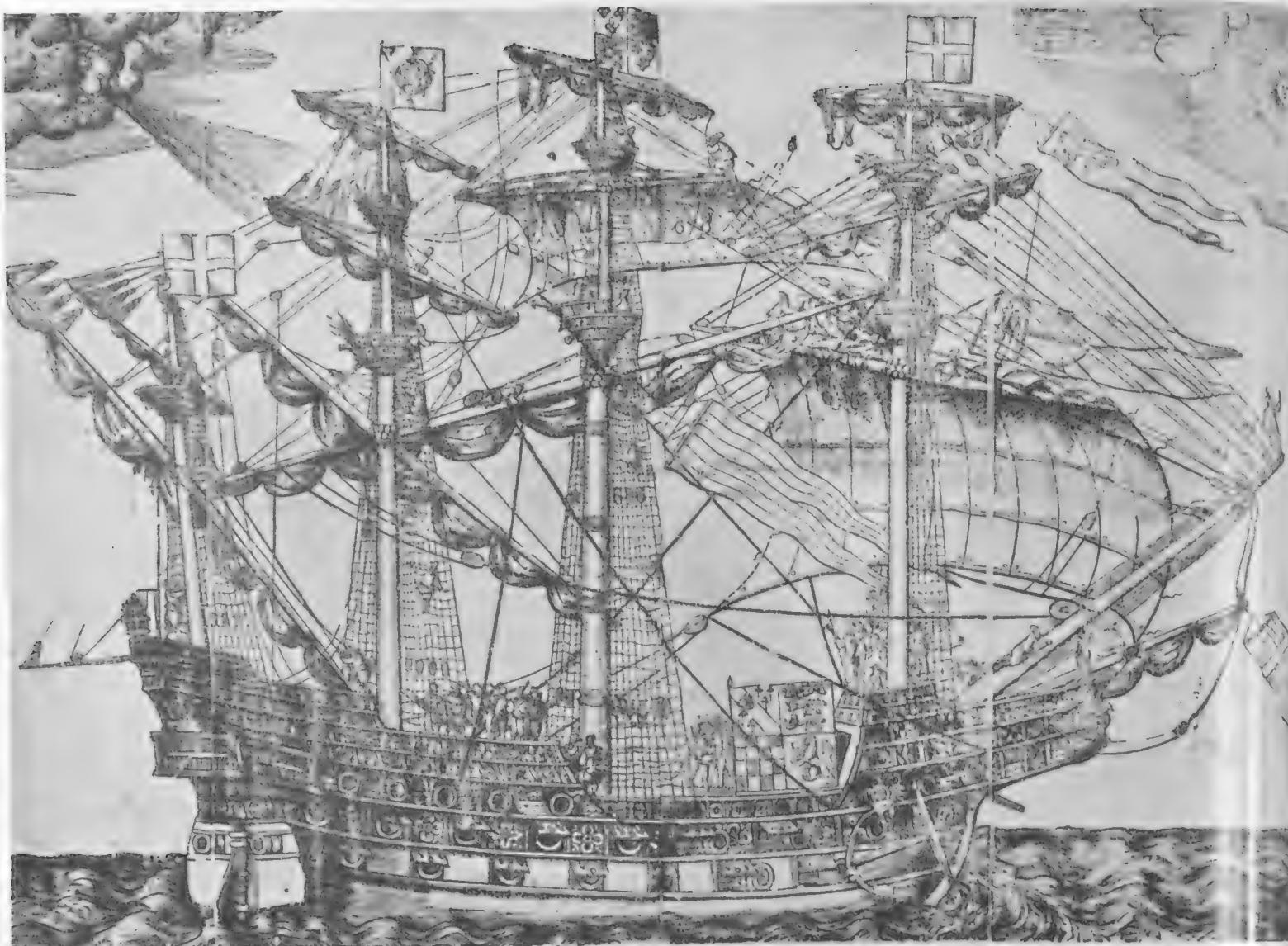
Even Ruskin, who on seeing Turner's first sea pictures, *Calais Pier* and *Shipwreck*, remarked, "No one feels wet," could not fail to feel a touch of seasickness when confronted with so much turbulent water. The turbulence is, of course, only heightened by the inclusion of such a picture as Peter Monamy's *The Morning Gun*, in which the tranquillity of a flat calm remains undisturbed by a man o' war's salute.

Monamy, the earliest of the painters represented (he lived from 1670 to 1749) was a pioneer of our native school of marine painting, a school which has its roots in the work of the Dutch painters, especially Van de Velde *père et fils*, to whom all official commissions to record our naval history in the 17th century were given. Unfortunately there is no picture by Brooking on show but his contemporaries in the great period of English sea painting, Francis Holman and Dominic Serres, are each well represented by two characteristic pictures. So, too, are Thomas

Luny and Thomas Whitcombe, who carried over into the 19th century a tradition that had by then become distinctively English (with a touch of jingoism inspired by our new-won supremacy at sea).

But soon subtle signs of a change in the tradition began to appear. The new realistic approach of Turner, Bonington and Constable to natural phenomena, especially atmosphere, the complacent acceptance of our role as ruler of the waves and, later, the eclipse of romantic sail by soulless steam, led to a marine painting in which the sea itself, not the ship, was the "hero" (or, as in *The Storm during the late Gales at Scarborough*, the villain, but still the main "character").

This change can be traced in the œuvre of Clarkson Stanfield (1793-1867), who served in the navy as a "pressed man." His work has suffered a long period of neglect but a revaluation is now taking place (which means that he is a good investment). At the Rutland Gallery the tradition-transition period is also well illustrated by works of J. W. Ewbank, James Webb, H. Redmore and Charles Bentley. The complete change from ship-fever to sea-fever is seen (at this exhibition) first in a painting of 1872 by Henry Moore R.A., and later in a brilliant small canvas by Sir John Lavery.

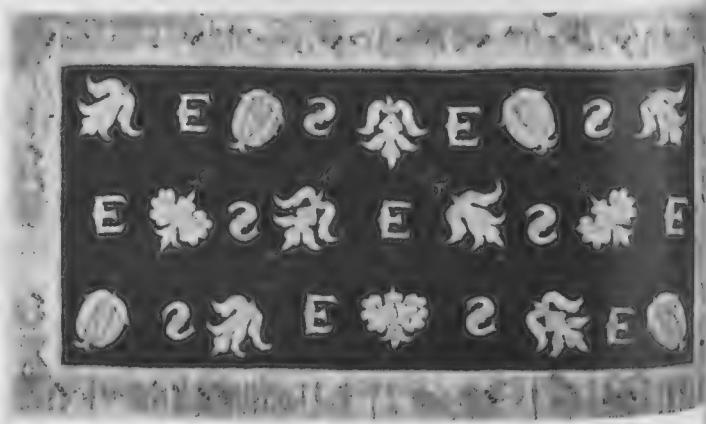


Books in pictures

Appropriately in a year that sees the quatercentenary of Shakespeare and Marlowe, three current books touch on the arts, the victories and the pastimes of the Elizabethan English. The picture (above) of Lord Howard's Armada flagship Ark Royal comes from the lavish *Illustrated History of England* by André Maurois (The Bodley Head £5 10s.). The scene from *Titus Andronicus* (alongside) was drawn in a manuscript



of 1595 and is now published in James Laver's evocative *Costume in the Theatre* (Harrap 35s.). The Long Cushion from Hardwick Hall in crimson velvet and cloth of silver and bearing the initials of Elizabeth Countess of Shrewsbury, is an illustration from *Elizabethan Embroidery* by George Wingfield Digby (Faber 52s. 6d.).



MOTORING

THE CODE, THE TUNNEL AND THE CAR

The gendarme moved slowly out on to the road as we approached and signalled us to stop. His companion stayed on the verge, reflectively fingering his revolver in case we decided to press on regardless. We came to a halt wondering what offence we had committed, for the road was out in the country and the only traffic a dirty great (yes, dirty and great) lorry which had been lumbering along ahead of us for some time, and this had been our first chance of overtaking it. Apparently that was our offence, for hidden by the lorry was a No Overtaking sign of the international type; a pair of vehicles side by side on a circular plaque with a red edge, one in blue and the other in red. Naturally, our command of the French language happened that day to be meagre, and so after a while the gendarme gave up trying and waved us on.

The reason I trouble to mention the incident is that the police are likely to be very tough this summer, and in countries other than France. In Switzerland we had been told hair raising stories of driving licences being taken away on the spot for infractions such as failing to come to a complete standstill at a Stop sign (this presumably could not be done

to a foreign visitor, but the offending native has to leave his car by the roadside if he is alone, and send for a friend who can drive, or have the car towed away).

All through France we saw the military-looking motor cycle gendarmes, hunting in pairs and ready to pounce on those who crossed the solid yellow lines on the road, or failed to give priority. At all important road junctions a notice is displayed stating which road has right of way—an admirable practice which we could well copy. Police activity is marked at the weekends, and it is a salutary thing to see it; I know that after we had been stopped we looked jolly hard for any more No Overtaking signs, which are numerous in village streets. They are none too easy to see, and often muddied up by passing traffic, but it will pay British motorists to keep a sharp look-out for them; fines are extorted on the spot and may be the equivalent of two to three pounds sterling. On this particular journey I was driving a Mark Ten Jaguar, the property of Mr. Barrie Heath, managing director of the Trip-lex Safety Glass concern. It was fitted with a very special windscreen, with a gold-plated interlayer through which an

electric current could be run to give the glass a gentle warmth preventing icing-up on the outside and misting on the inside. It is purely experimental and may never become commercially practical, but it shows how much research is continually going on towards making motoring safer and more comfortable.

If this particular gold screen had a drawback, it was that, at dusk, it became more difficult to pick up approaching cars on the many long, straight stretches which abound in France.

And can anyone tell me why so many drivers delay switching on their sidelamps until darkness actually falls? In this country also there is a marked reluctance on the part of motorists to unmask their shadowy presence—and when one is travelling at a good speed it is most desirable that an oncoming car should be readily distinguished.

We had been paying a visit to the newly opened tunnel under the Grand St. Bernard, a massive work which has been in progress for five years. It enables vehicles of all kinds to travel between Switzerland and Italy throughout the year—hitherto impossible for heavy commercial traffic. The monastery at the summit will now probably become more the place for a rest cure than it previously was in the summer, though this particular pass was only open for a few short months at a time. The tunnel itself is only part of the undertaking, as approach roads had to be constructed on both sides, with covered sections to

prevent avalanches from closing them up completely in the winter.

Through the enterprise of British United Air Ferries a cavalcade of British cars was able to make one of the very earliest passages, demonstrating the ease with which motorists can now fly from Southend or Lydd to Geneva and be in Genoa within twelve hours. It will open up the Italian Riviera (and especially the eastern end with the favourite resorts of Portofino, Santa Margharita and Sestri Levante) to traffic from this country.

Our luxurious Mark Ten Jaguar had performed nobly on the trip and carried our little party in greatest comfort—though I must confess that I would have liked a more enthusiastic approach to its work on the part of the heater, the weather being really Alpine most of the time—and accommodated a very generous amount of baggage in the boot. The power-assisted steering helped greatly on the hairpin bends of such mountain roads as we turned aside to tackle, and the automatic (Borg-Warner) transmission worked admirably, helped by the "hold" for instant gear which can be switched on and off at a flick, preventing the transmission from making an unwanted change up when the throttle was eased back as the approach to a hairpin. How this magnificent car can be sold at its price of £2,157 is a mystery only Sir William Lyons can unravel, for it is most beautifully finished and lavishly equipped.



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With the present magnificent overflow of egg production and eggs cheaper, so far as I can remember, than before the war, we can use them extensively to cut down food costs. They are probably the most acceptable and least expensive of all the protein foods. For a light but nourishing meal let them partner jacket-baked potatoes. They make an ideal combination.

The secret of success with any baked-potato dish is to have everything that is to go with the potatoes ready in advance, so that the potatoes do not have to wait. For instance, for POTATOES OTERO, have the Mornay sauce ready. Bake the potatoes in the usual way and, just before they are done, poach the eggs (one for each potato) and lay each in a shallow pan of warmish water until they are required at a later stage.

Cut a slice off each potato. Scoop out the flesh and whip it with salt and pepper to taste, and a little butter or hot cream. Drop an egg into each potato and season it a little. Spoon a little Mornay sauce over it and heap the whipped potato on top. Sprinkle with grated cheese and brown under a hot grill.

Spring, as a season, is strictly for foreigners. In Britain, with our climate, it's just a state of mind. The Grand National, the Boat Race and Spring Cleaning come and go, raced, rowed and suffered in conditions varying annually on the barometer from very dry to much rain. So in this column I'm attempting to select a Spring Double in clothes—preferably showerproof, but light enough to match milder days.

First stop, Aquascutum, who have some impeccable new spring topcoats, suits, sports jackets and blazers. A Vicuna coat would be a nice way to greet the spring, but my winter electricity bills haven't left me with 140 guineas; courage, though—there are other coats from 20½ guineas up. A reversible topcoat switches from cotton to cotton in different colours (19 guineas), or tweed to cotton (from 24 guineas) and is showerproof either way. Aquascutum, of course, won their laurels with rain coats. Aqua 5, an amazingly effective way of proofing material, shows up in light cotton topcoats, priced from 13 guineas. There are also wool gabardines from 19 guineas, mohair from 24, and textured cottons that start at 16½ guineas.

HELEN BURKE

DINING IN

USING THE EGG BONUS

One of the most delicious egg dishes for a first course is EGGS OSTENDAISE. This calls for Nantua sauce which you can buy in packet form and make up as directed. (Harrods have it at 3s. a packet.) Make rich short crust tartlets. Make also as much of the sauce as you require. Spread a little of it in each tartlet. Lay a poached egg on top.

Then coat each egg with a mixture of shrimps, chopped mushrooms and chopped truffle trimmings, first cooked in a little butter and bound with some of the sauce. Truffles are so expensive, these days, that one may well feel justified in omitting them.

For a modest version of this dish, I suggest that jacket-baked potatoes be used instead of the tartlets. Bake the potatoes and scoop out their flesh as above. Season lightly and whip with a little butter. Add some of the sauce to each potato shell. Place a poached

egg on top, add a little more of the sauce, pile the potato on top and brown a little under the grill.

There is no chicken dish more tasty than a young boiling fowl poached with its giblets until tender in seasoned water to cover, a measure of dry light-toned vermouth, a *bouquet garni*, a carrot and an onion. Serve this with a very good white sauce made with the strained stock and finished with a tablespoon or so of double cream.

After this dish has been served once, there may be a little chicken left over but not enough to be served on its own. In this case, make EGGS A LA REINE. There are several versions. The following one is based on that of Escoffier. The amounts are sufficient for four people.

Remove all the remaining meat from the carcase and pass it through the mincing machine. Boil a pound of peeled

potatoes in slightly salted water. When ready, pour off the water and dry them off over very low heat. Press them through a sieve or use a potato ricer. Mix in ½ oz. of butter over a low heat. Gradually beat the potatoes into a beaten egg yolk and season to your own taste with salt, pepper and grated nutmeg.

Form the mixture into four flat round cakes with a slight dip in the centre of each. Beat the egg white just enough to blend the thick and the thin. Dip the cakes into it and then into breadcrumbs which have first been warmed in a little butter. Place the cakes down one side of a buttered oven-dish and either brown them under the grill or in a hot oven (440 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 8).

Heat the minced chicken in a little of the sauce, first thickened, if you wish, with a pinch or two of cornflour blended with a little water.

Poach 4 eggs. Place one on each potato cake and trickle a small spoonful of the remaining sauce over each. Spoon the chicken mixture down the opposite side of the dish and serve at once.

This could be quite a satisfying main dish.

DAVID MORTON

MAN'S WORLD

SHOWERPROOF FOR SPRING

I admire their new look in blazers, easygoing and classic in cut, but a little more adventurous in colour than the ubiquitous navy—these blazers are on show (and walking happily out of the shop) in tan, dark green, sky and hunting pink. Navy, too, for those who insist; 17 guineas. The Tan version looks handsome with dark charcoal flannel trousers. Sports jackets are well represented in a host of fabrics from rugged thornproofs to soft cashmeres; prices start at 14 guineas—but at that price a jacket will more likely be in tweed than cashmere.

Jaeger are sensibly adapting to the growing trend of polo neck sweaters with a jacket over. They've swung away from the usual sports jacket cut, which was never really happy with a polo neck, and come up with a sports jacket with five buttons and a smaller, almost ghillie, collar. It is made of a 14-ounce cheviot tweed in two different check mixtures, and costs 14 guineas. Trouble is, one would probably fall for the

camel coloured cashmere polo neck pullover that looks so well with it—and bang goes another seven pounds, apart from sixpence change.

Back to showerproofs at Burberrys in the Haymarket, who have an active-looking short coat in their Commander II proofed cloth, lined with wool tartan throughout. The "Short shooter" in sand or olive green; 14½ guineas. Matching hat: £2 15s 6d.

Byfords, the knitwear people, called in Hardy Amies some time ago to advise them on their styling and colours; the results are successful and their pullovers in classic English styling are selling well in Italy and France. Byfords have brought out five new colours, including York Brown (a dark chocolate), New Navy (a lighter French navy), Black Olive, Ciel blue (a clear pale blue) and Viva red.

Out of the new range that I was shown, I liked best "Saracen", a stand-up collared cardigan with five wooden buttons, in pure wool at 147s, and

"Roxburgh" a crew-necked pullover with raglan sleeves knitted in a chunky cat-stitch, at 95s. Byfords' City jackets should do well; they are knitted from double jersey in a shaded chequer pattern with flap pockets and five brass-edged buttons; 110s. Another good looking pullover is "Ski" styled with a round neck, the pullover has a patterned band of diamonds knitted into it near the waist in a lighter and a darker tone of the four colours in which it is made; 116s. "Sloop" is another useful pullover, in cotton this time, with short sleeves. It's made in the very good nautical colours—navy or pure white and is only 35s.

All very desirable, the only problem being where to find the cash. I was intrigued to hear of a new discount scheme recently—after the success of all the credit card systems in operation, I suppose it had to come.

It is now possible to get a discount (usually 10%) for paying cash at certain business houses in Central London. £30 spent recovers the three guineas membership fee of the Disc Club, 1a Baker Street. I just don't know what things are coming to...



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ALBERT ADAIR

ANTIQUES

ON THE TURKISH CARPET

Carpets woven of wool have been in existence since early times when, being longer lasting, they took the place of straw mats and began their gradual gain in importance and popularity down the ages. Many of these carpets emanate from the East and are prized possessions: their intricate and at times bold patterns and gorgeous yet subtle colouring creating, unwittingly for some, a growing fascination which frequently leads the young would-be collector in search of information to ask how to distinguish the difference between a Turkish and Persian rug or carpet.

It is of course, as in all things, a matter of practice, but first and foremost it is a question of design then, on closer observation, the weaving. The method of weaving both Turkish and Persian rugs is based on a knot principle: while in the rugs of Turkish origin the "Ghiordes knot" is used, Persian rugs will be found to have a "Senna knot." Those anxious to study these different knots would find a visit to the Victoria & Albert Museum most helpful: on view are excellent models of the looms which illustrate the gradual formation of the knots and weaving.

Often it is possible to add to a collection of rugs by successful bidding at an auction sale, but it is worth remembering that just occasionally the description in a catalogue is not to be relied on. Cataloguers are not always infallible. In my own experience I have purchased a rug described as Persian though in fact it was Turkish. Never buy a rug in an auction room without previously inspecting it. This particularly applies to country auctions as the purchaser may be obliged to stand at the back of an auction hall when it is difficult to appreciate whether a rug of extremely well known Turkish or Persian design might not prove to have been machine-woven in England. Needless to say these latter rugs are very excellent but not of Eastern origin, except that the design has been based upon an Oriental one.

The complex question of

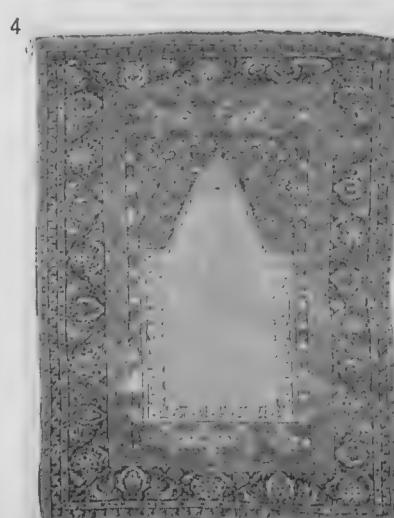
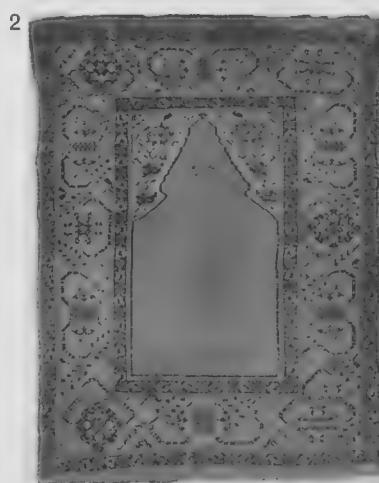
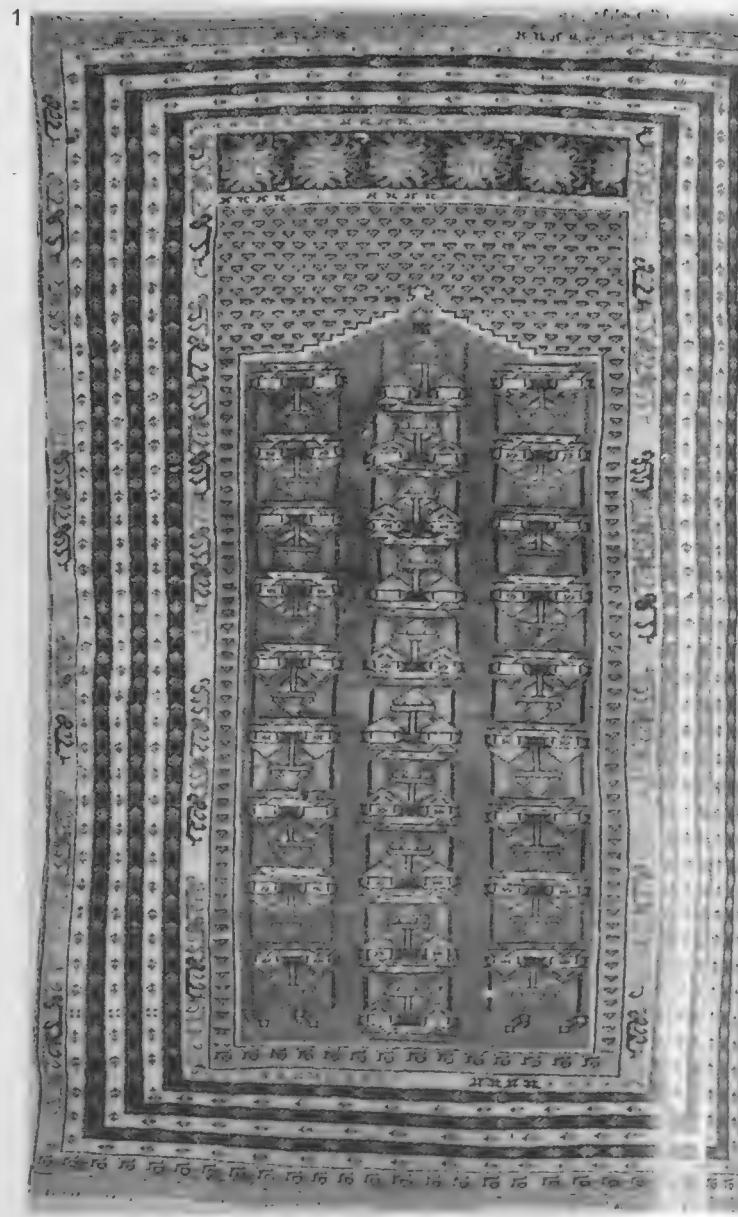
distinction between the various rugs is most readily appreciated by comparison and I hope, therefore, that the illustrations of Turkish rugs below will be helpful, specially when considered in conjunction with those of Persian and Caucasian rugs which I shall write about later.

1 *Kula rug, 6 ft. 3 in. by 4 ft. 1 in., of the late 18th century, from the collection of Mrs. D. McNicol. Known to collectors as a ceremonial tomb rug, the background of this exceptionally good example is soft pistachio green, and the design is woven in ivory and gold, with small cypress trees linked in threes in the mihrab, or centre niche*

2 *Transylvanian rug, 5 ft. 2 in. by 3 ft. 11 in., from the collection of Mr. N. Hamilton-Smith. It is of the late 17th century, and of the type sometimes known as a Siebenburger. Typically classic in design, it is woven in shades of light blue and ivory on a red background. Rugs like this were usually found in churches and mosques in Hungary; they are reputed to have been woven in Asia Minor, though it is known that weavers migrated from Asia Minor to Hungary during the 16th and 17th centuries*

3 *This Ladik early 18th-century prayer rug is shown by courtesy of the Vigo Art Galleries, W.1. It has two columns in the centre and three white tulips in the upper part, set against a rich glowing red background, with carnations decorating the white panel above the columns*

4 *The Ghiordes prayer rug, much sought after by collectors of Asia Minor rugs. Also from the Vigo Galleries, this extremely good specimen of the mid-18th century is 5 ft. 10 in. by 4 ft. 4 in. and worked with a multi-coloured border and a mihrab in a glorious turquoise blue*



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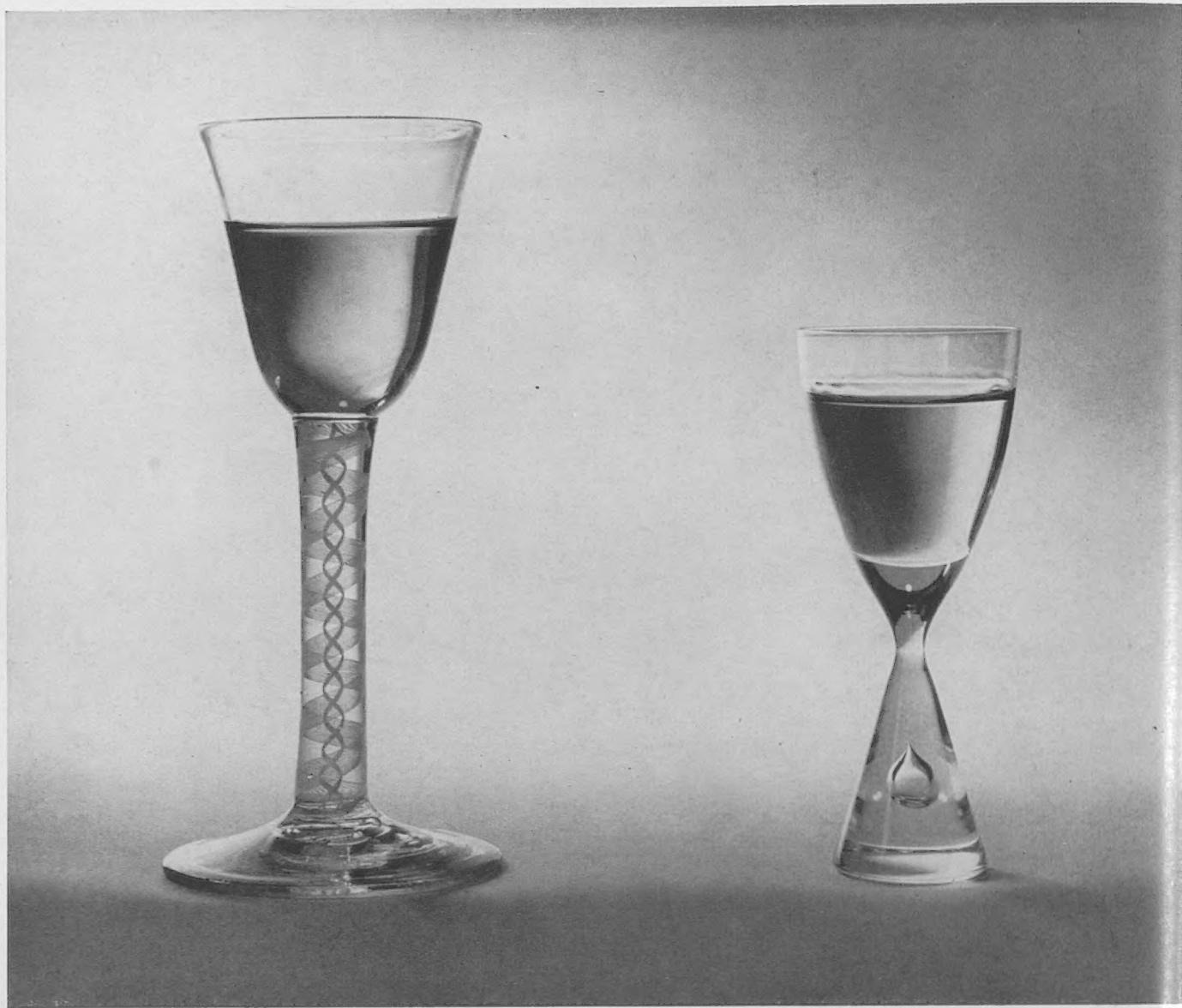
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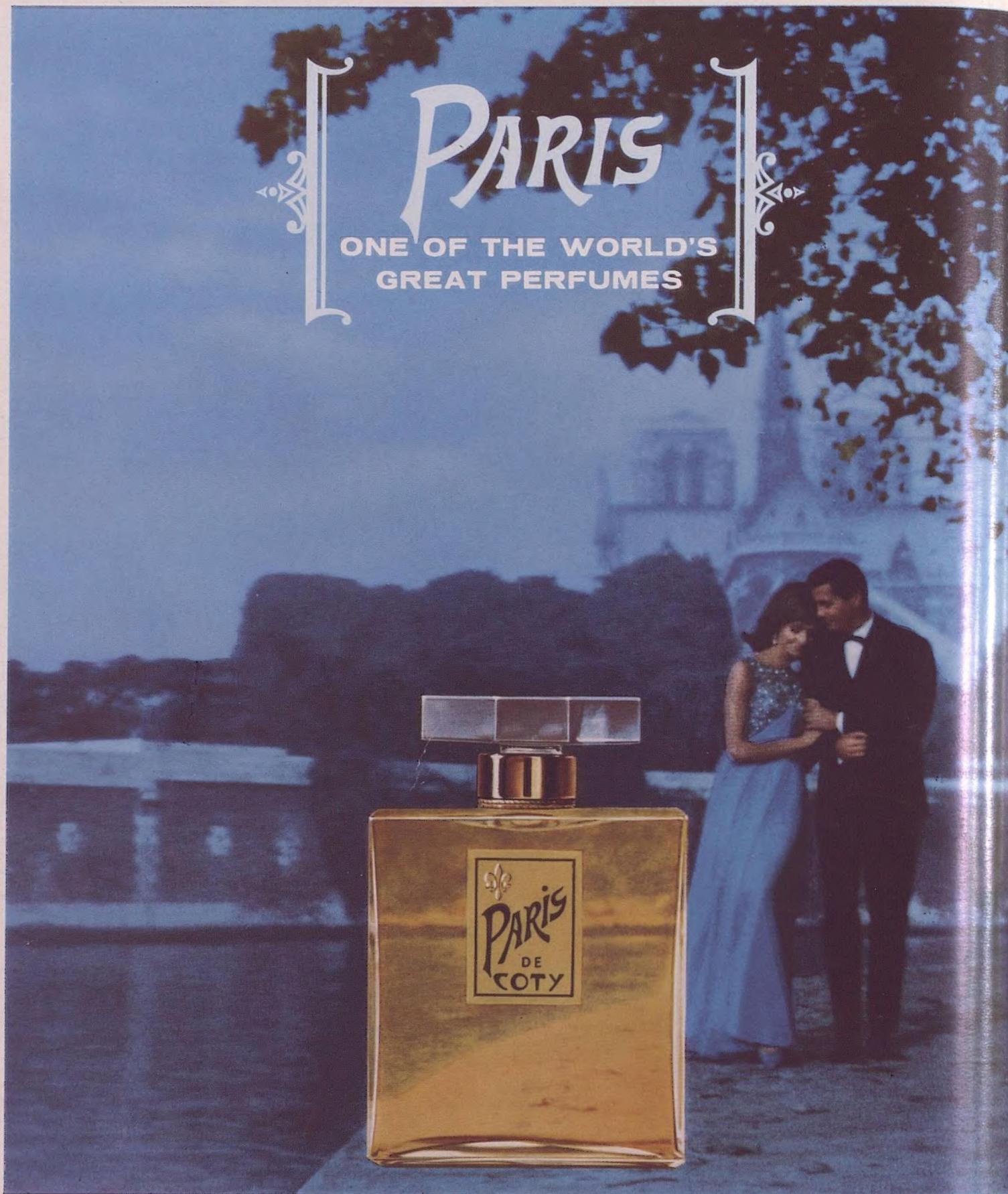
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